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LEAVES

FROM

OSSIAN

LIZA LEHMANN

LEAVES FROM OSSIAN

Fragments from the Poems of the Ancient Gaelic Bard

(*Macpherson's Translation*).

COMPILED, ARRANGED AND SET TO MUSIC

FOR SOLI SOPRANO, CONTRALTO, TENOR AND BARITONE), CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA.

BY

LIZA LEHMANN.

PRICE 2/6 NET CASH.
($1.00).

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PRELIMINARY NOTE.

THE ancient Gaelic bard Ossian (son of Fingàl, king of Morven flourished in the Northern Highlands at the latter part of the third century.

His poems were handed down by tradition until the middle of the 18th century when an English translation was published by James Macpherson and created a stir in the literary world (Doubts were cast upon the authenticity of the poems, but for a short time only).

Ossian's remarkable "word-pictures" depict vividly for all times the primitive joys and sorrows of his noble race, whose chief characteristics were bravery in battle, tenderness in love, and veneration of their fore-fathers. The ghosts of the dead were believed still to inhabit this earth, holding communication with their descendants and often appearing to them in hours of peril.

M1533
L435L4

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N.B.—A slight pause should separate the episodes and the entirely separate numbers.

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LEAVES FROM OSSIAN.

The following passages tell no complete story or "Life of Ossian," but are a series of detached scenes and episodes from his poems.

PRELUDE.

I.—CHORUS & SOLO QUARTET.

A tale of the times of old!
The deeds of days of other years!

The murmer of thy streams, O Lora,
Brings back the memory of the past;
The sound of thy woods, Garmallar,
Is lovely in mine ear.
Dost thou not behold, Malvina, *
A rock with its head of heath?
Three agèd firs bend from its face,
Green is the narrow plain at its feet.
There the flower of the mountain grows
And shakes its white head to the breeze.
The thistle is there alone
And sheds its agèd beard.
Two stones half sunk in the ground
Show their heads of moss;
The deer of the mountain avoids the place;
He beholds the ghost that guards it,
For the mighty lie, O Malvina,
In the narrow plain of the rock.

A tale of the times of old!
The deeds of days of other years!

* *Many of Ossian's poems are addressed to the beautiful Malvina, beloved of his son Oscar.*

II.—In the Days of Fingàl.

a.—QUARTET.

We sat and heard the sprightly harp
By Lubar's gentle stream.

Fingàl* himself was next the foe,
And heard the tales of bards.
His godlike race were in the song,
The chiefs of other times.

* *Fingàl, King of Morven, father of Ossian and head of the tribe.*

Attentive, leaning on his shield
The King of Morven sat.*
The wind blows through his agèd locks,
And his thoughts are of other years.

Near him, bending on his spear,
The young, the lovely Oscar stood;
He admired the King of Morven,
And his deeds captured his soul.

We sat and heard the sprightly harp
By Lubar's gentle stream.

* *All the North-west coast of Scotland went of old under the name of "Morven," which signifies a ridge of very high hills.*

b.—CHORUS.

Who is that so dark and terrible
Coming in thunderous course?
Who is it but Starno's son
To meet the King of Morven?
Strike the sounding shield, *
The shield of war!
Curach! Curach! Curach! **
As the shades of Autumn fly
Over the hills of grass
Gloomy, dark, successive
Come the chiefs of the echoing woods.
The wildness of the deer is in their course
The strength of eagles descending for prey.
The noise is like blasts of winter
On the sides of snowy Gormàl.
Their eyes are flames of fire,
And roll in search of foes;
Their mighty hands are on their swords,
And lightning pours from their sides.
As waves white-bubbling o'er the deep
Come swelling, roaring on,
As rocks of ooze meet roaring waves,
So foes attacked and fought.
Steel clanging sounds on steel,
Helmets are cleft on high,
Spears fall like circles of light,
Darts rush along the sky.
Battle spreads from wing to wing
And the earth is rocking round.

* *The signal of battle.*

** *Curach: the madness of battle*

c.—SCENE, TENOR & BARITONE.

They fought on the heath of Lena,
But weak was the arm of Orla.
The sword of Fingàl descended
And cleft his shield in twain.
It fell and glittered on the ground,
Like the moon in darkness.

"King of Morven", said the hero,
"Lift thy sword and pierce my breast;—
Wounded and faint from battle
My friends have left me here.
The mournful tale shall reach my love
On the banks of streamy Loda".

"No," said the King of Morven,
"I will never wound thee, Orla;
On Loda's banks let her see thee,
Escaped from the hands of war.
Thy grey-hair'd father still shall hear
Thy voice in his halls."

"On Lena's heath shall I die",
Said the youth of streamy Loda,
"My broad band covers my wound,
And I give it now to the wind"!

* * *

Fingàl bends over him as he dies,
And calls his younger heroes;
"Raise high, my sons,
The memory of Orla!
Here let the dark-hair'd hero rest;
The vanquish'd, if brave, are renown'd!'

---

d.—CHORUS.

Spread the feast on Lena,*
Let a hundred bards attend,
And thou, O, grey-hair'd Ullin,
Take the harp of the king!

And let a thousand lights
Rise in the hall of shells.**
Such was the custom heretofore
Of Fingàl's noble race.

The strife is over and past,
Like sounds that are heard no more.
Raise the song, O, bards!
The king has returned with his fame!

* *It was the custom to feast after a victory.*

** *The ancient Scots drank from shells.*

III.—CONTRALTO SOLO WITH CONTRALTO CHORUS.

Pleasant are the words of the song,
And lovely the tales of other times;
They are like the calm dew of morning
On the hill of roes,
When the sun is faint on its side
And the lake is settled and blue
In the valley.

BALLAD.

IV.—"THE DAUGHTER OF CONLOCH."

SOPRANO SOLO WITH CHORUS.

Comàl was a son of Albion,
The chief of a hundred hills;
His deer drank of a thousand streams,
A thousand rocks replied to the voice of his dogs.

His face was the mildness of youth,
His hand the death of heroes.

One was his love and fair was she,
The daughter of mighty Conloch.
She appeared like a sunbeam among women,
And her hair was the wing of the raven.

Her dogs were taught to the chase,
Her bow-string was heard in the forest.

Her soul was fix'd on Comàl,
Often met their eyes in love.
Their course in the chase was one,
And happy their words in secret.

But Grumàl loved the maid,
The chief of gloomy Ardven;
He watched her steps on the heath,
The foe of unhappy Comàl.

One day, tired of the chase,
When the mist had concealed their friends,
Comàl and the daughter of Conloch
Met in the cave of Ronan.

'Twas the wonted haunt of Comàl;
Its sides were hung with his arms.

"Rest here," he said, "my love, Galvina,
Thou light of the cave of Ronan.
A deer appears on Mora's brow,
I go—but will soon return."

"I fear," she said, "the dark Grumàl,
He haunts the cave of Ronan.
I will rest among the arms,
But return thou soon, my love."

He went to the deer of Mora;
The daughter of Conloch would try his love.
She clothed her sides in armour
And strode from the cave of Ronan.

He thought it was his foe—
Darkness dimmed his eye—
He drew his bow,—the arrow flew,
And fair Galvina fell.

He ran with wildness in his steps
And called the daughter of Conloch—
No answer in the lonely rock;
"Where art thou, my beloved?"

He saw at length her heaving heart
Around the feather'd dart;
"O Conloch's daughter, is it thou?"—
And sank upon her breast.

* * *

He search'd for his death in the field,
But who could kill mighty Comàl?
He threw away his dark brown shield,
And an arrow found his breast.

He sleeps with his lov'd Galvina
At the noise of the sounding surge.
Their green tombs are seen by the mariner
When he bounds on the wave of the north.

V.—Episode of the Chase.

a.—BARITONE SOLO.

Morning trembles with the beam of the East,
And glimmers on grey-headed Cromla.

* * *

"Call," said Fingàl, "call my dogs,
The long-bounding sons of the chase!
Call white-breasted Bran,
And the surly strength of Luath!
Fergus and Fillan, blow my horn
That the joy of the chase may arise,
That the deer of Cromla may hear
And start at the lake of roes."

The sound spreads to the wood;
The sons of heathy Cromla rise.
A thousand dogs fly off at once,
Bounding through the heath.

A deer fell by every dog,
And three by white-breasted Bran;
He brought them in their flight to Fingàl,
That the joy of the king might be great.

---

b.—CONTRALTO RECITATIVE.

But one deer fell at the tomb of Ryno*
And the grief of Fingàl returned.
He saw how peaceful lay the stone
Of him who was first at the chase.

* *Fingàl's son.*

---

c.—QUARTET.

Our youth is like a dream
Of the hunter on the hill.
He sleeps in the beams of the sun
And awakes in the midst of a storm.

The red lightning flies around,
And the trees shake their heads to the wind,
He looks back with joy on the days of the sun,
And the pleasant dreams of his rest.

VI.—Cuchullin's Love Song.

TENOR SOLO.

(Upon the death of Artho, supr me King of Ireland, Cuchullin was sent by Fingàl to administer the affairs of that kingdom during the minority of Artho's son. He left his wife Bragéla, daughter of Sorglan, in Dunscaich the seat of the family in the Isle of Skye where the remains of his Palace is still shown.)

O strike the harp in praise of my love,
The lonely sunbeam of Dunscaich!
O strike the harp in praise of Bragèla,
Of her that I left in the isle of mists!
Dost thou raise thy fair face from the rock
To find the sails of Cuchullin?
The sea is rolling far distant
And its white foam may deceive thee
For my sails.

Retire, for it is night, my love,
And the dark winds sigh in thy hair.
Retire to the hall of my feasts,
And think of the times that are past;
For I shall not return
Till the storm of war is ceased.

O strike the harp in praise of my love,
The lonely sunbeam of Dunscaich!
O strike the harp in praise of Bragéla,
Of her that I left in the isle of mists!
O Connal, speak of war and arms,
And send her from my mind,
For lovely with her raven hair
Is the white-bosom'd daughter of Sorglan!

VII.—Ode to the Sun.

CHORUS.

O, thou that rollest above,
Round as the shield of our fathers,
Whence are thy beams, O sun,
Thy everlasting light?

Thou comest forth in beauty
And the stars hide in the sky.
The moon, cold and pale,
Sinks in the Western wave.

The oaks of the mountain fall,
The mountains themselves decay.
The ocean shrinks and grows again,
But thou art for ever the same!

When the world is dark with tempests,
When the thunder rolls and the lightning flies
Thou lookest forth in thy beauty,
O sun, and laugh'st at the storm!

VIII.—Shilric and Vinvéla (A Fragment).

CONTRALTO AND TENOR.

Vinvéla.

My love is a son of the hill,
He pursues the flying deer,
His grey dogs are panting around him,
His bow-string sounds in the wind.

Shilric's Ghost.

I sit by the mossy fountain,
On the top of the hill of winds.
The lake is troubled below,
The deer descend from the hill.

Vinvéla

What detains the hunter of Cona?
Has the deer been distant far?
Come from the echoing hills!
Come, O my best belovèd!

Shilric's Ghost.

By the mossy fountain I sit,
On top of the hill of winds.
When mid-day is silent around*
Converse, O my love, with me.
Come on the wings of the gale,
On the blast of the mountain come!
Let me hear thy voice as thou passest
When mid-day is silent around.

** The distinction made by the ancient Scots between good and evil spirits was, that they believed the former were permitted to appear even in daylight, but the latter only by night.*

IX.—Scene of Ossian's Death.

a.—SOPRANO SOLO WITH MALE CHORUS.

Star of descending night!
Fair is thy light in the west!
Thou lift-st thine unshorn head from the cloud;
Thy steps on the hill are stately.

What dost thou behold in the plain?
The stormy winds are laid.
The flies of evening are on their feeble wings,
And their hum is over the field.

What dost thou behold, fair light?

* * *

The daughter of night turns her eyes away,
She beholds the grief that is coming.

The Death of Ossian.

b.—BARITONE SOLO.

Bring, daughter of Toscar,* bring the harp !
The light of the song rises in Ossian's soul.
It is like the field when darkness
Covers the hills around,
And the shadow grows slowly
On the plains of the sun.

* * *

I behold my son,** Malvina,
Near the mossy rock of Crona—
But it is the mist of the desert,
Tinged with a beam of the west. [Oscar.
Lovely is the mist that assumes the form of
Turn from it, O ye winds,
When ye roar on the side of Ardven !
Why, daughter of Toscar, why that tear ?
Oscar will be renowned.
Happy they that fell
In the midst of their renown !

But lead me, O Malvina,
To the murmuring sound of my woods,
To the sound of my mountain streams.

* * *

Bend thy blue course, O stream,
Round the narrow plain of Lutha ;
Let the green woods hang over it
From the echoing mountains,
And the sun look on it at noon.

The thistle is there on the rock,
And shakes its grey beard to the winds.
The flower hangs its heavy head,
Waving at times to the gale.
" Why dost thou wake me,
O gale ? " it seems to say,

* *Malvina.*

** *His beloved son Oscar who fell at the battle of Temora.*

" I am wet with the drops of heaven,
And the time of my fading is near.
To-morrow shall the trav'ler come,
He that saw me in my beauty ;
His eyes will roam the fields,
But they will not find me."

So shall they search in vain
When the voice of Cona* is silent.

Then come thou, O Malvina,
With all thy music come !
Lay Ossian in the plain,
Set his tomb in the lovely field.

* * *

I hear the voice of Fingàl ! **

"Come Ossian, come away," he says,

And fly with thy fathers on clouds."

And come I will, thou king of men !

The life of Ossian fails—

* *Ossian was sometimes called " The voice of Cona.*

** *Fingàl's spirit.*

---

c.—CHORUS (with Tenor Solo

The chiefs of other times are gone,
They have gone without their fame.
The sons of future years shall pass
And another race arise.
The people are like the waves of the sea,
Like the leaves of woody Morven
They pass away on the rustling blast
And other leaves lift their green heads
Did thy beauty last, O Ryno ?
Did the strength of car-borne Oscar ?
Fingàl himself passed away,
And the halls of his fathers
Forgot his steps.

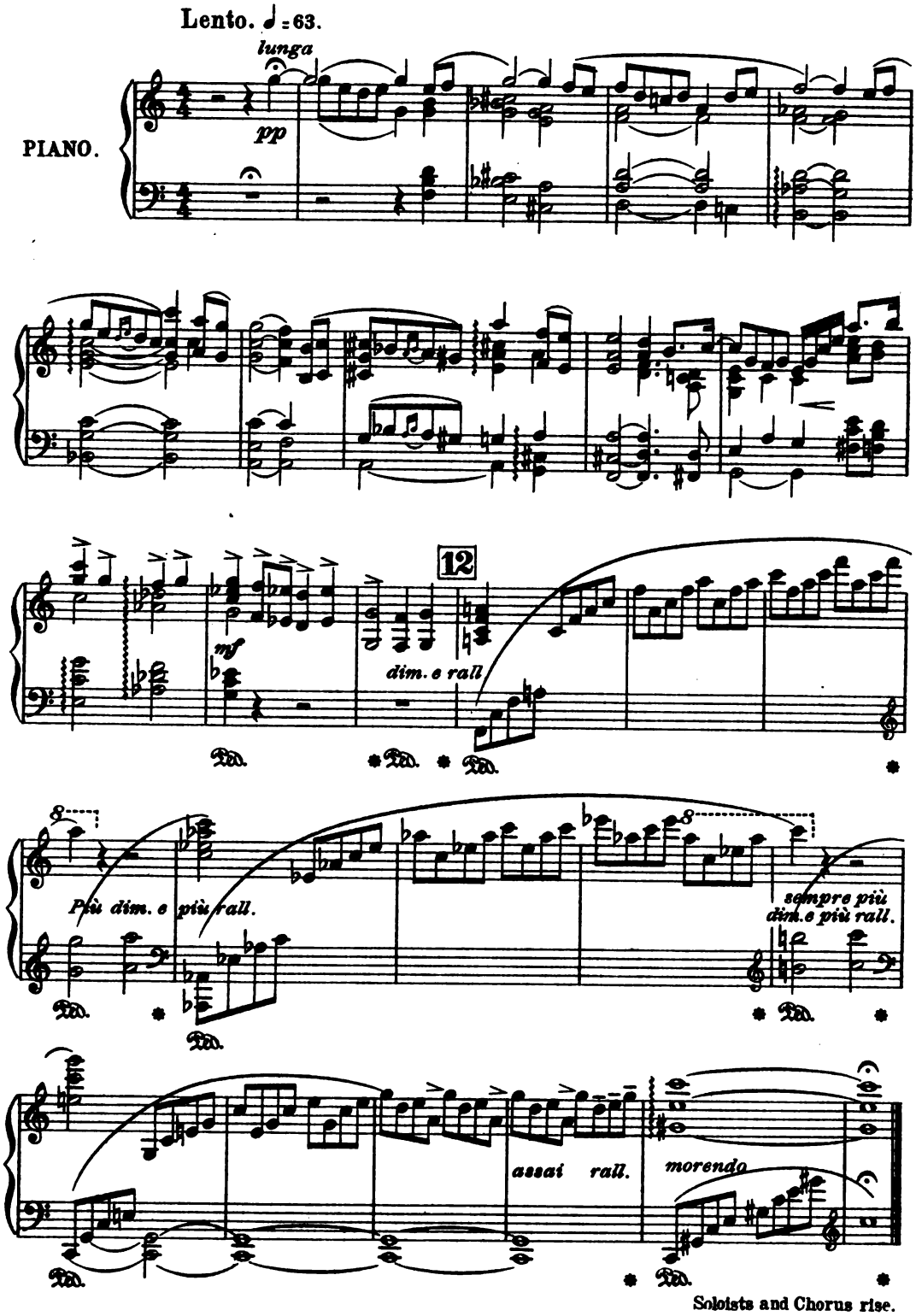
But, Ossian, thy fame shall remain,
And grow like the oak of Morven,
Which spreads it's broad head to the storm
And rejoices in the course of the wind !

FINIS.

Leaves from Ossian.

Music by
LIZA LEHMANN.

INTRODUCTION.



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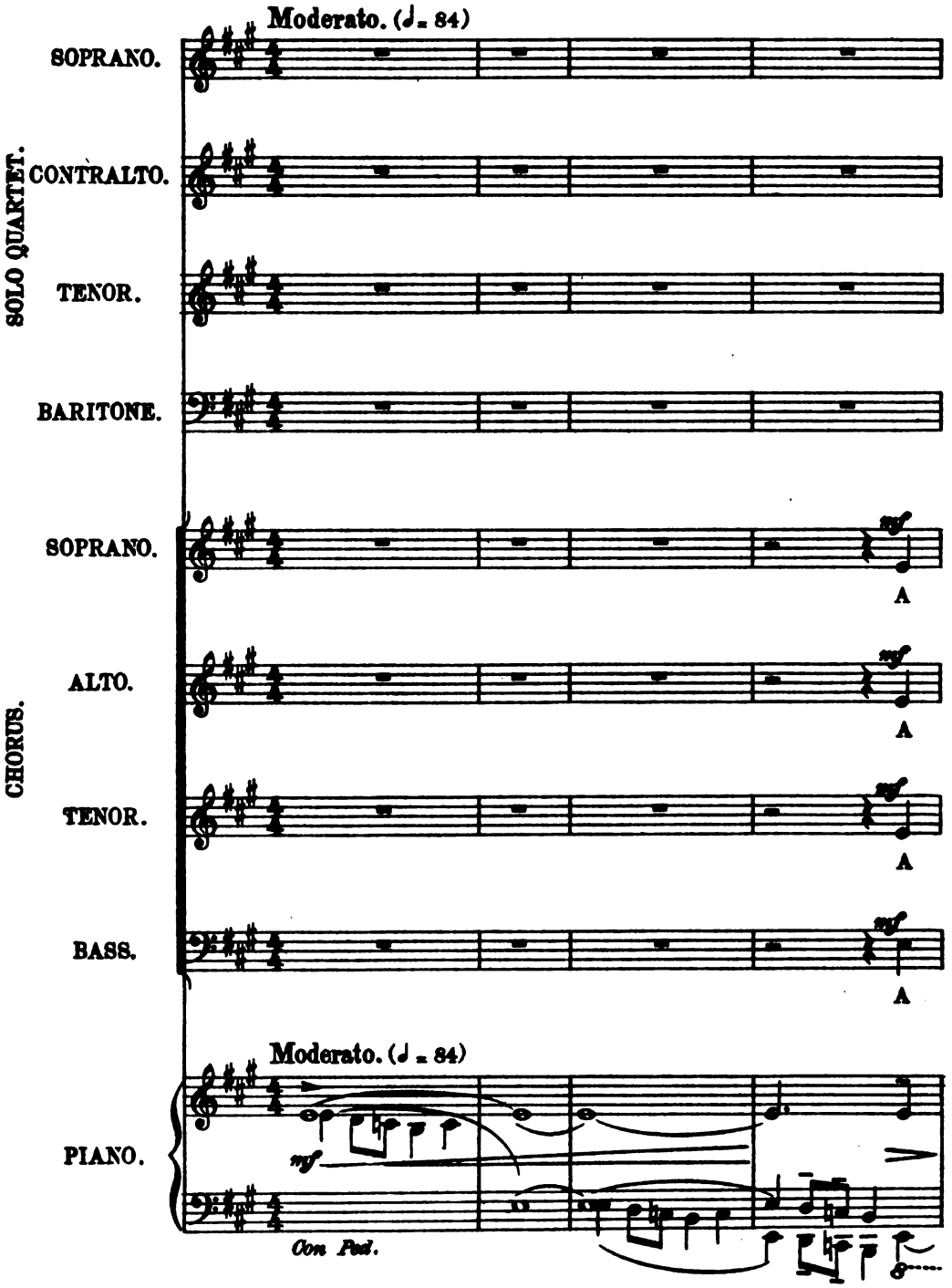
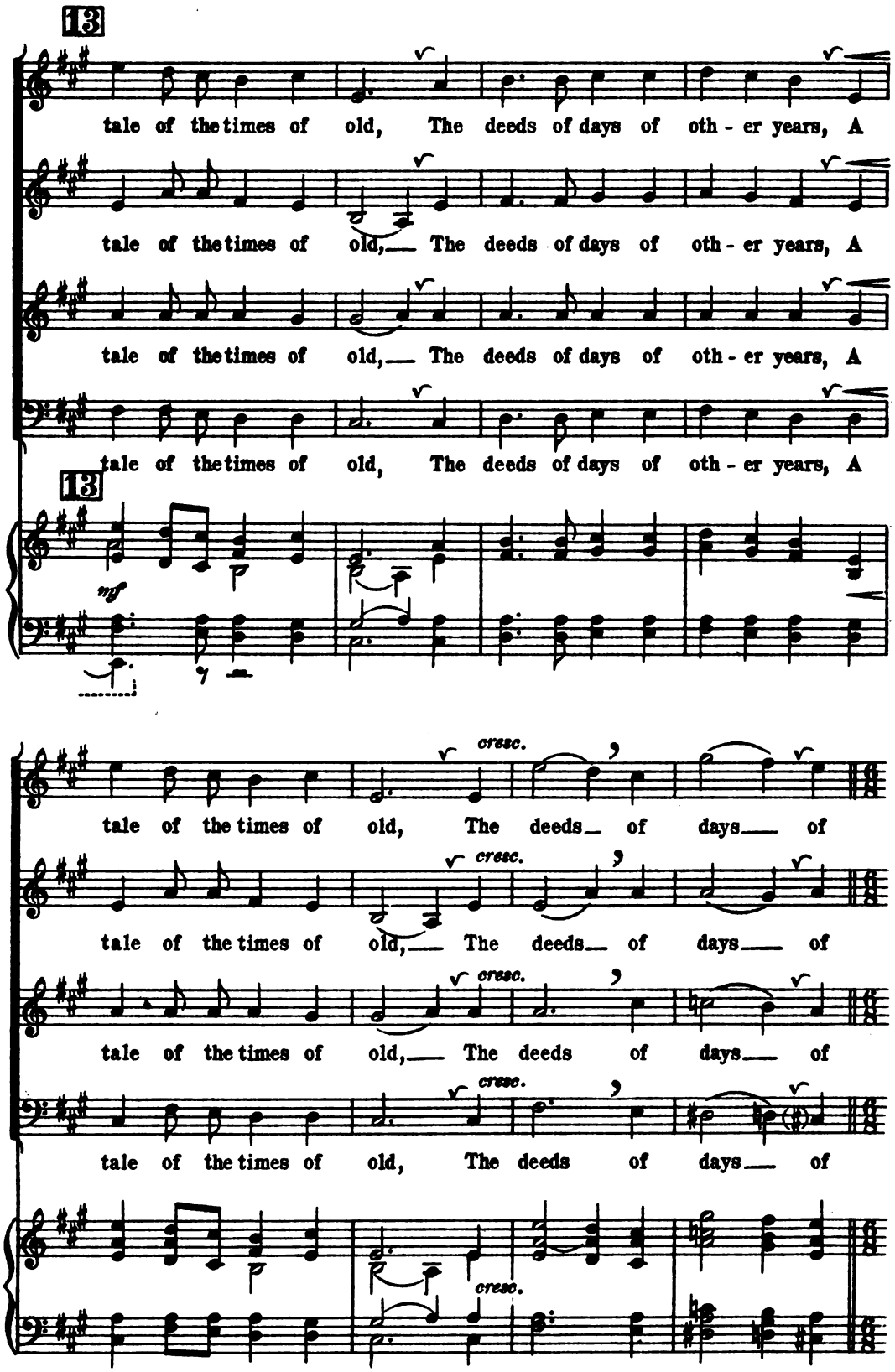
No. 1.

CHORUS AND SOLO QUARTET.

"A TALE OF THE TIMES OF OLD."




13
tale of the times of old, The deeds of days of oth - er years, A
tale of the times of old, The deeds of days of oth - er years, A
tale of the times of old, The deeds of days of oth - er years, A
tale of the times of old, The deeds of days of oth - er years, A
13
mf
cresc.
tale of the times of old, The deeds of days of
tale of the times of old, The deeds of days of
tale of the times of old, The deeds of days of
tale of the times of old, The deeds of days of
cresc.

14

dim.

oth - er years!

dim.

oth - er years!

dim.

oth - er years!

dim.

oth - er years!

(♩. = ♩)

14

dim.

p dolce e molto legato

SOLO TENOR.

mf

The

poco cresc.

(cantabile)

mur-mur of thy streams, O Lo - ra, Brings back the

mf

mem-ry of the past; The sound of thy woods, Gar -

- mal - lar, Is love - ly in mine ear.

CHORUS. 15

cresc.

The mur-mur of thy streams, O Lo - ra, Brings

cresc.

The mur-mur of thy streams, O Lo - ra, Brings

cresc.

The mur-mur of thy streams, O Lo - ra, Brings

cresc.

The mur-mur of thy streams, O Lo - ra, Brings

15

cresc.

back the mem-ry of the past; The sound of thy

back the mem-ry of the past; The sound of thy

back the mem-ry of the past; The sound of thy

back the mem-ry of the past; The sound of thy

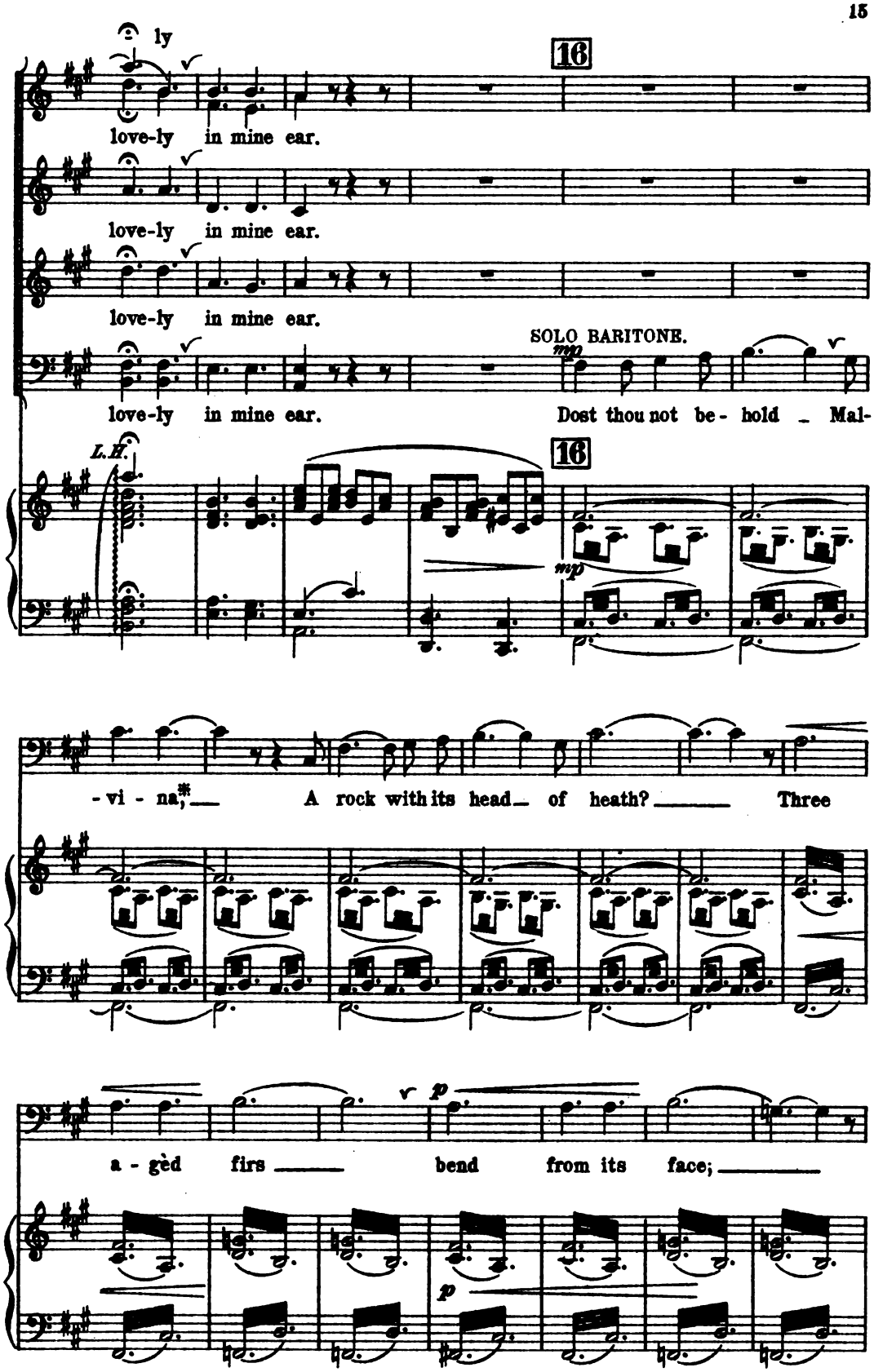
love - - -

woods, Gar - mal - lar, Is love - ly, is

woods, Gar - mal - lar, Is love - ly, is

woods, Gar - mal - lar, Is love - ly, is

woods, Gar - mal - lar, Is love - ly, is



*Many of Ossian's poems are addressed to the beautiful Malvina, beloved of his son Oscar.

Green is the nar - row plain at its feet.

17 *ben sostenuto*

SOLO SOPRANO.

mf

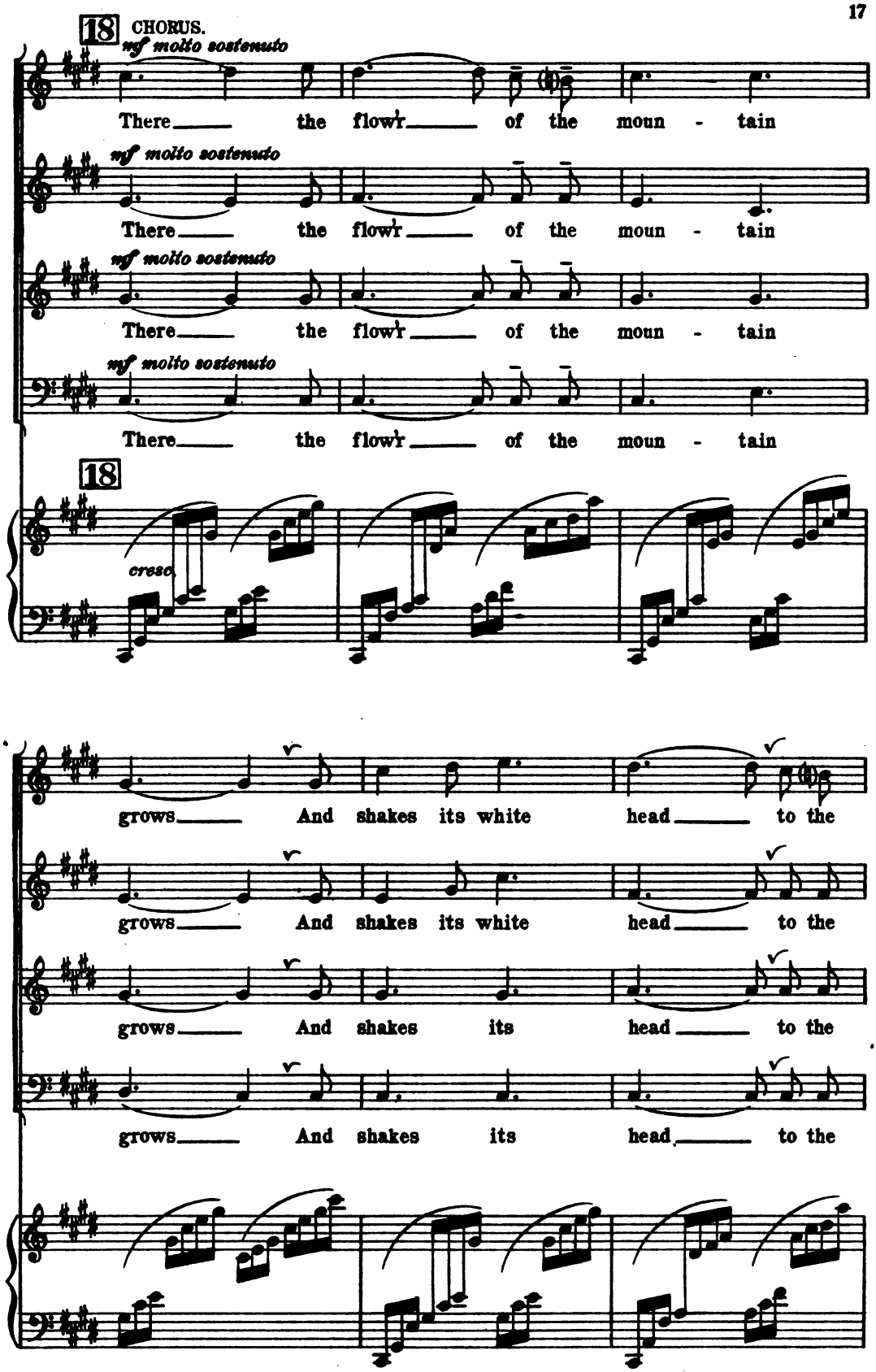
There the flowr of the moun - tain

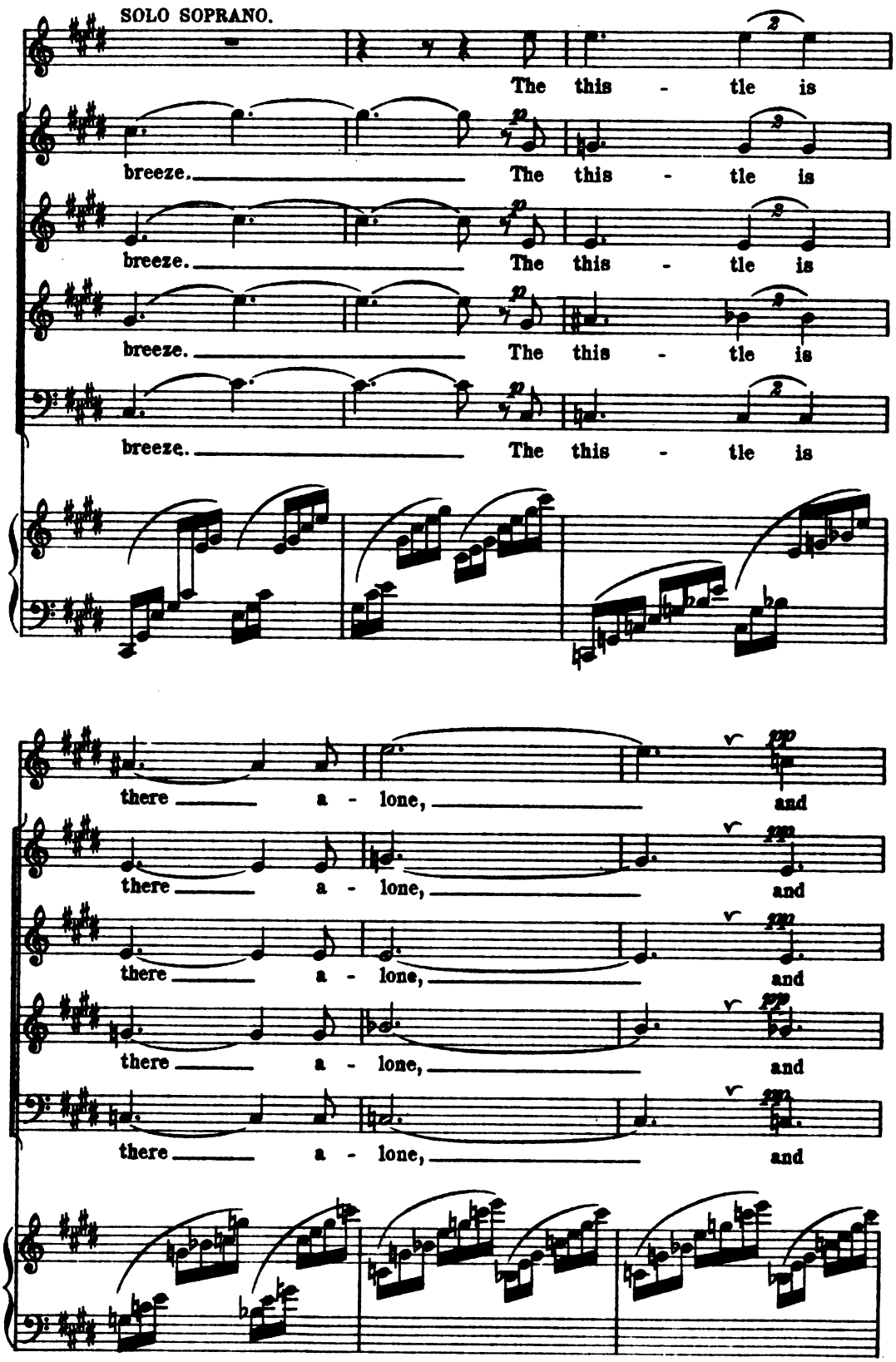
17

mf

grows And shakes its white head to the

breeze.


18
CHORUS.
mf molto sostenuto
There the flow'r of the moun - tain
mf molto sostenuto
There the flow'r of the moun - tain
mf molto sostenuto
There the flow'r of the moun - tain
mf molto sostenuto
There the flow'r of the moun - tain
18
cresc.
grows And shakes its white head to the
grows And shakes its white head to the
grows And shakes its head to the
grows And shakes its head to the


SOLO SOPRANO.
The this - tle is
breeze. The this - tle is
breeze. The this - tle is
breeze. The this - tle is
breeze. The this - tle is
there a - lone, and
there a - lone, and
there a - lone, and
there a - lone, and
there a - lone, and

sheds its a - gèd beard.

sheds its a - gèd beard.

sheds its a - gèd beard.

sheds its a - gèd beard.

sheds its a - gèd beard.

19 (♩.=♩) Più lento. *(almost twice as slow.)*

CONTRALTO SOLO.

Two stones, half sunk in the ground, Show their heads of moss;

TEN. SOLO. *(Recit., accel.)*

The

19 (♩.=♩) Più lento. *(almost twice as slow.)*

p

(TENOR.)

deer of the moun-tain a - voids the place, He be - holds the ghost that

20

guards it, For the might - y lie, O Mal - vi - na, In the

20

CHORUS.

For the might - y lie, O Mal-

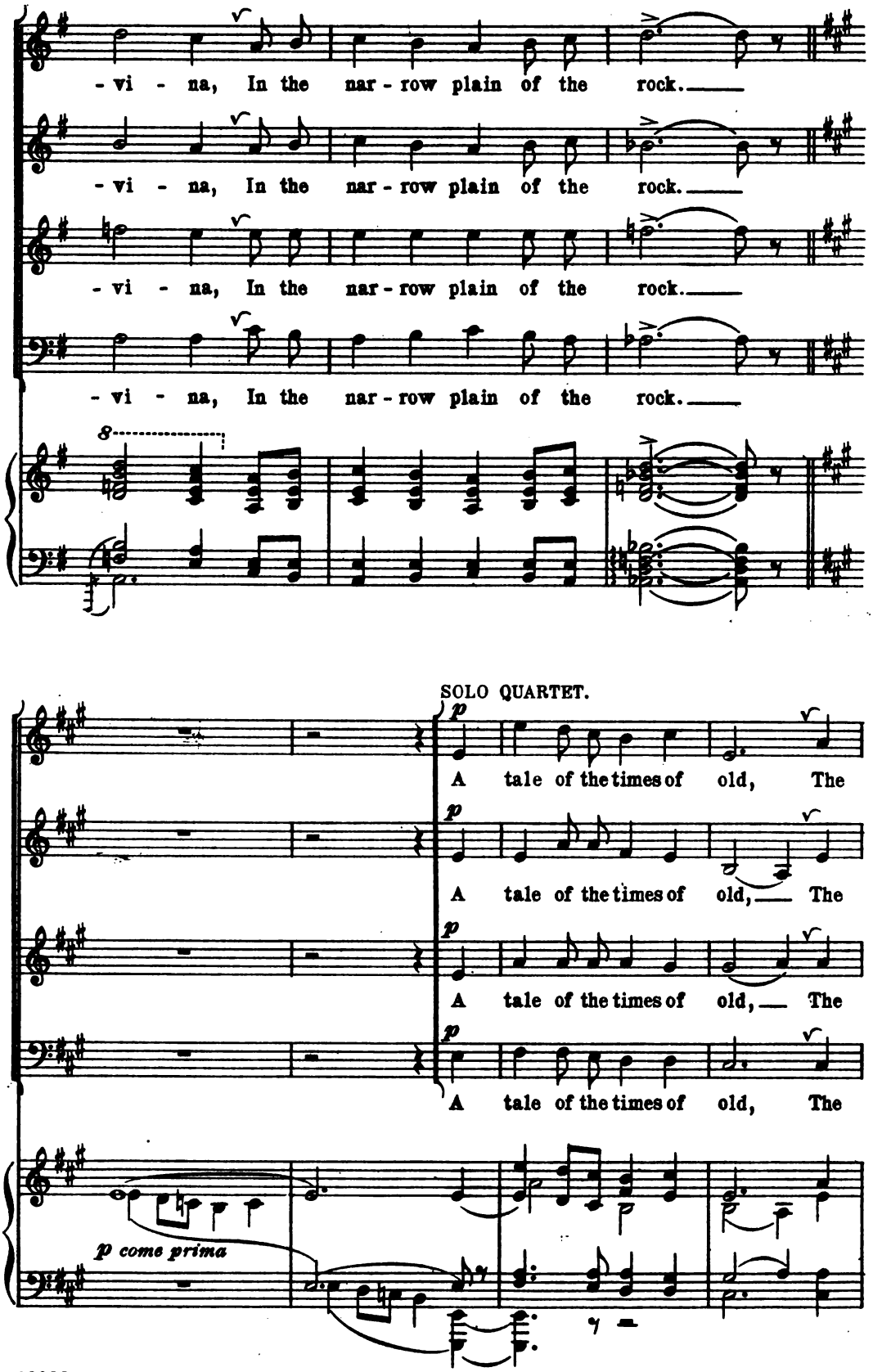
For the might - y lie, O Mal-

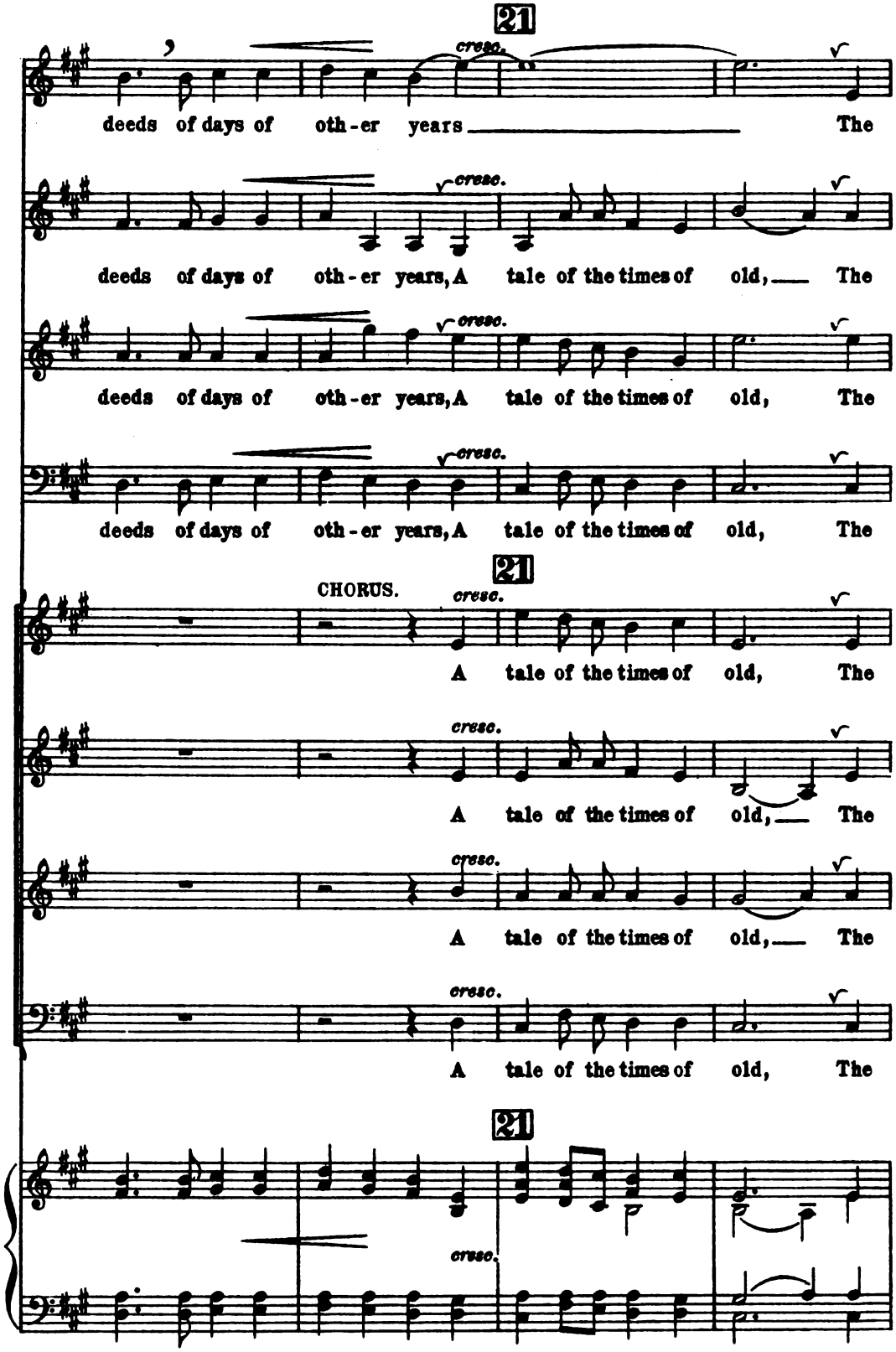
nar - row plain of the rock.

For the might - y lie, O Mal-

For the might - y lie, O Mal-

8


- vi - na, In the nar - row plain of the rock.
- vi - na, In the nar - row plain of the rock.
- vi - na, In the nar - row plain of the rock.
- vi - na, In the nar - row plain of the rock.
8
SOLO QUARTET.
p
A tale of the times of old, The
A tale of the times of old, The
A tale of the times of old, The
A tale of the times of old, The
p come prima


21
cresc.
deeds of days of oth-er years The
deeds of days of oth-er years, A tale of the times of old, The
deeds of days of oth-er years, A tale of the times of old, The
deeds of days of oth-er years, A tale of the times of old, The
CHORUS.
A tale of the times of old, The
A tale of the times of old, The
A tale of the times of old, The
A tale of the times of old, The

deeds of days of oth - er years!

deeds of days of oth - er years!

deeds of days of oth - er years!

deeds of days of oth - er years!

22

deeds of days of oth - er years!

deeds of days of oth - er years!

deeds of days of oth - er years!

deeds of days of oth - er years!

22

p dolce come prima.

8

rall.

pp

rall.

L.H.

8

ppp

Nº 2.

IN THE DAYS OF FINGAL.

(a) QUARTET.

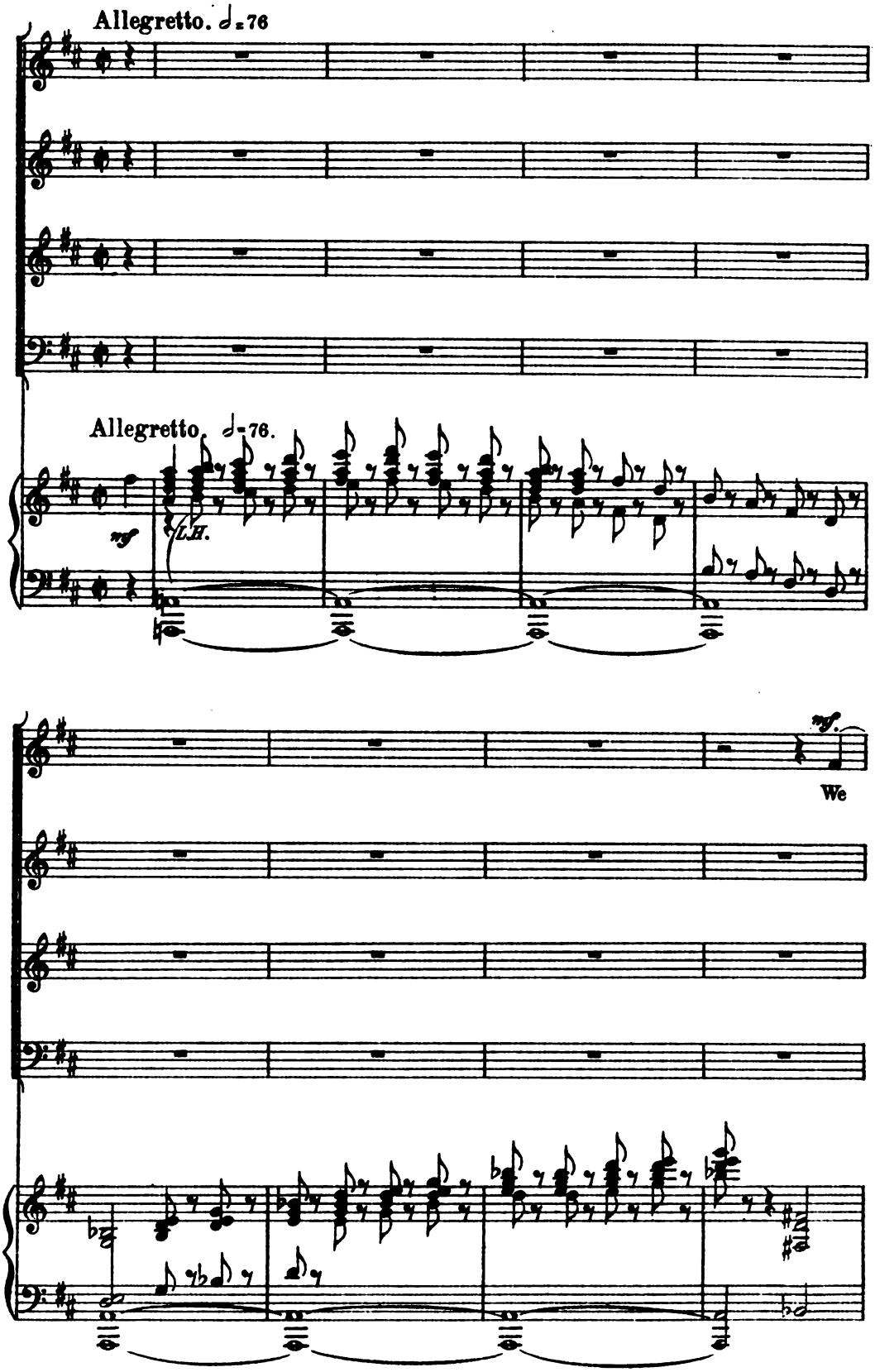
"WE SAT AND HEARD THE SPRIGHTLY HARP."

Moderato ma non troppo. ♩ = 108.
In mode di Marcia.

PIANO.

con Ped.

poco a poco cresc.


Allegretto. ♩=76
Allegretto. ♩=76.
mf
L.H.
mf.
We

23

subito legato

sat and heard the sprightly harp By Lu - bar's gen - tle stream.

p

By Lu - bar's gen - tle stream.

p

By Lu - bar's gen - tle stream. Fin-

p

By Lu - bar's gen - tle stream.

23

And heard the tales of bards.

And heard the tales of bards.

-gal* him-self was next the foe, And heard the tales of bards.

And heard the tales of bards. His

* Fingal — King of Morven, father of Ossian and head of the tribe.

His

The chiefs of oth - er times.

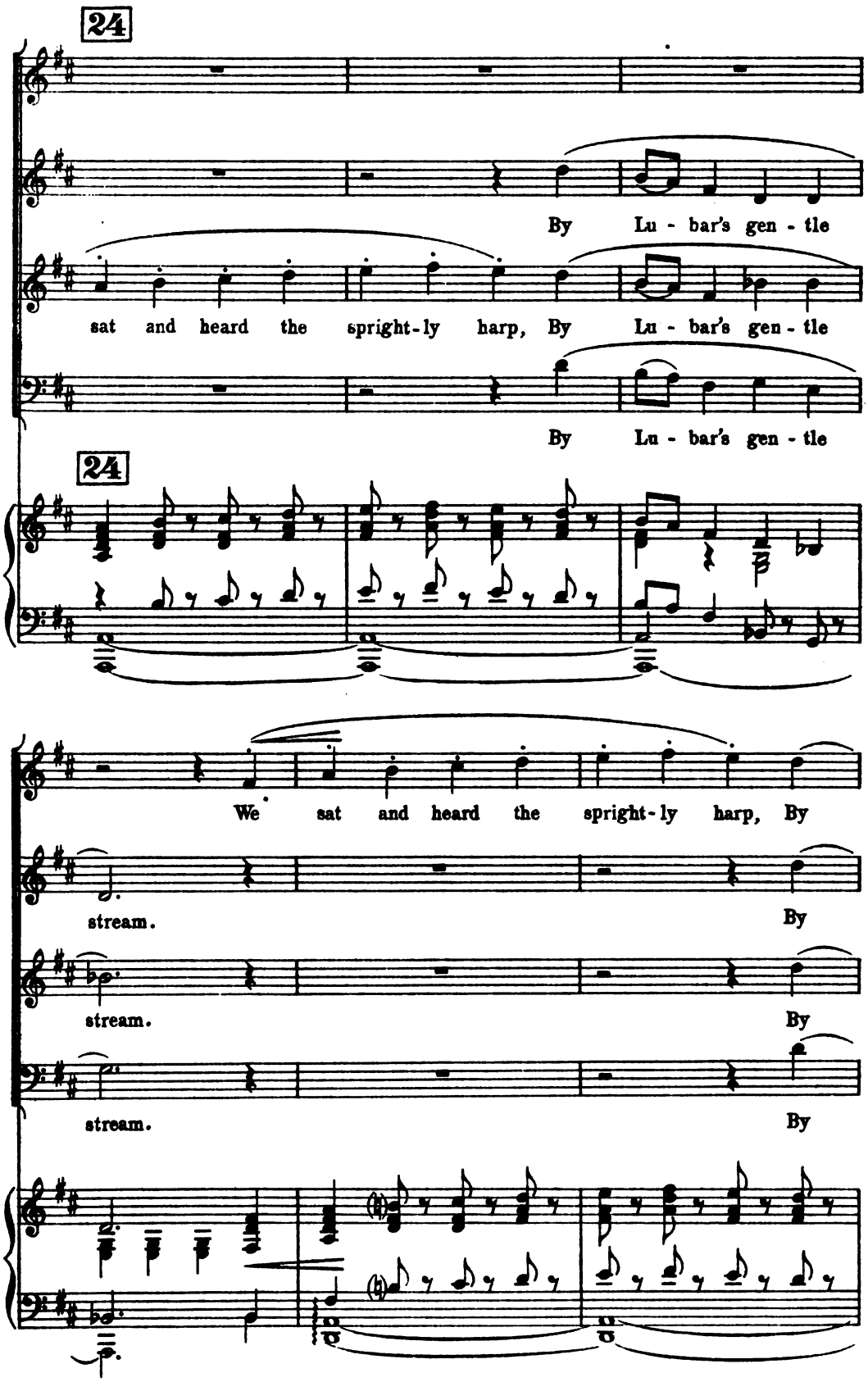
god-like race were in the song, The chiefs of oth - er times.

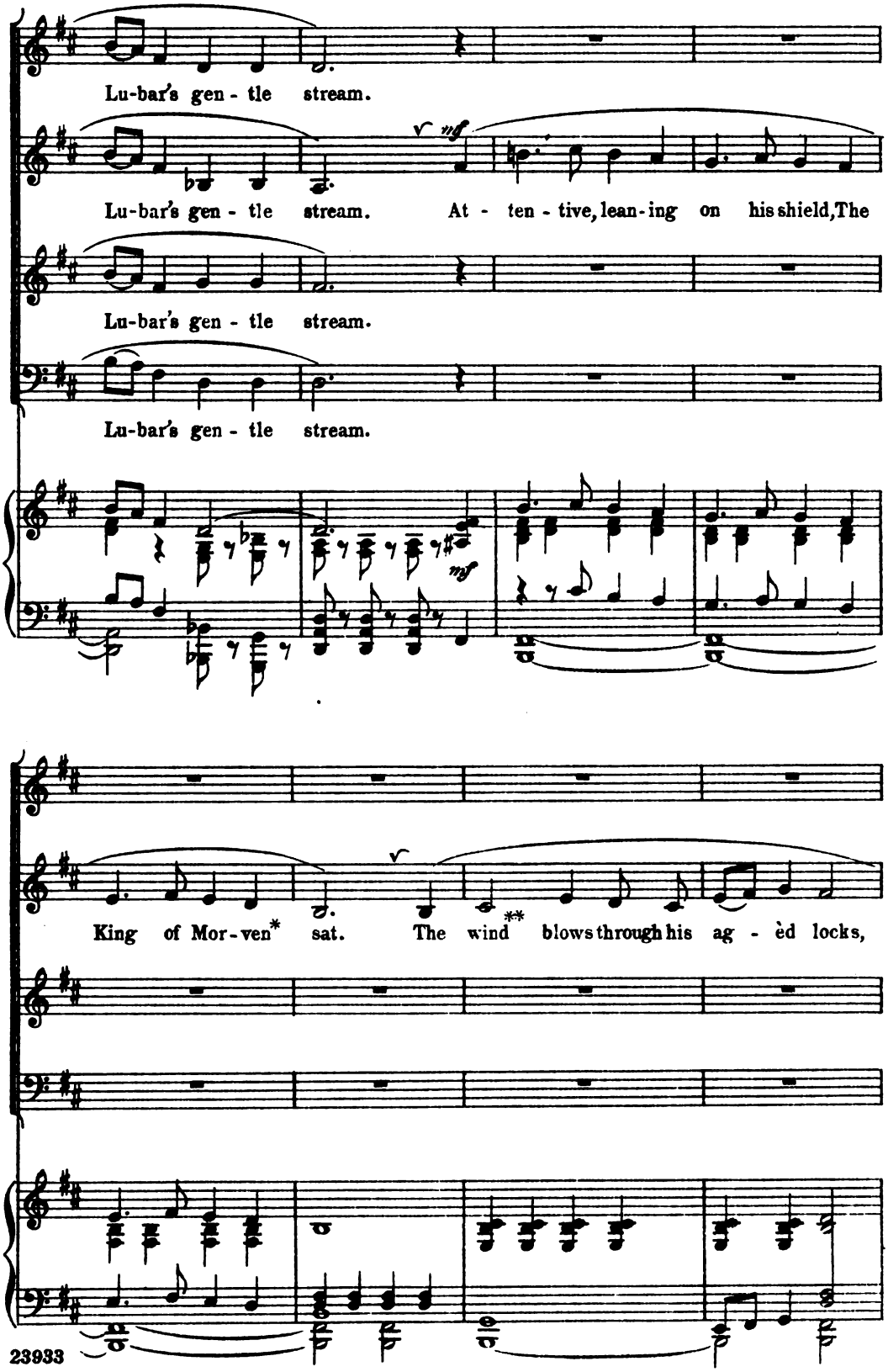
god-like race were in the song, The chiefs of oth - er times.

The chiefs of oth - er times.

The chiefs of oth - er times. We

The chiefs of oth - er times.


24
By Lu - bar's gen - tle
sat and heard the spright-ly harp, By Lu - bar's gen - tle
By Lu - bar's gen - tle
24
We sat and heard the spright-ly harp, By
stream. By
stream. By
stream. By



23933

* All the Northwest Coast of Scotland went of old under the name of "Morven," which signifies a ridge of very high hills.

** This word to be pronounced wynd throughout this work.

and his thoughts are of oth - er years.

mp

We

25

cresc.

We

cresc.

sat and heard the sprightly harp By Lu-bar's gen - tle stream, We

25

mp

cresc.

sat and heard the spright-ly harp By Lu-bar's gen-tle stream.

By Lu-bar's gen-tle stream.

sat and heard the spright-ly harp By Lu-bar's gen-tle stream.

By Lu-bar's gen-tle stream.

cresc.

He ad-

cresc.

He ad-

cresc.

He ad-

p *cresc.*

Near him, bend-ing on his spear, The young, the love-ly Oscar stood; He ad-

p *cresc.*

- mir'd the King of Mor-ven, And his deeds cap-tured his soul.

- mir'd the King of Mor-ven,

- mir'd the King of Mor-ven, We

- mir'd the King of Mor-ven,

26

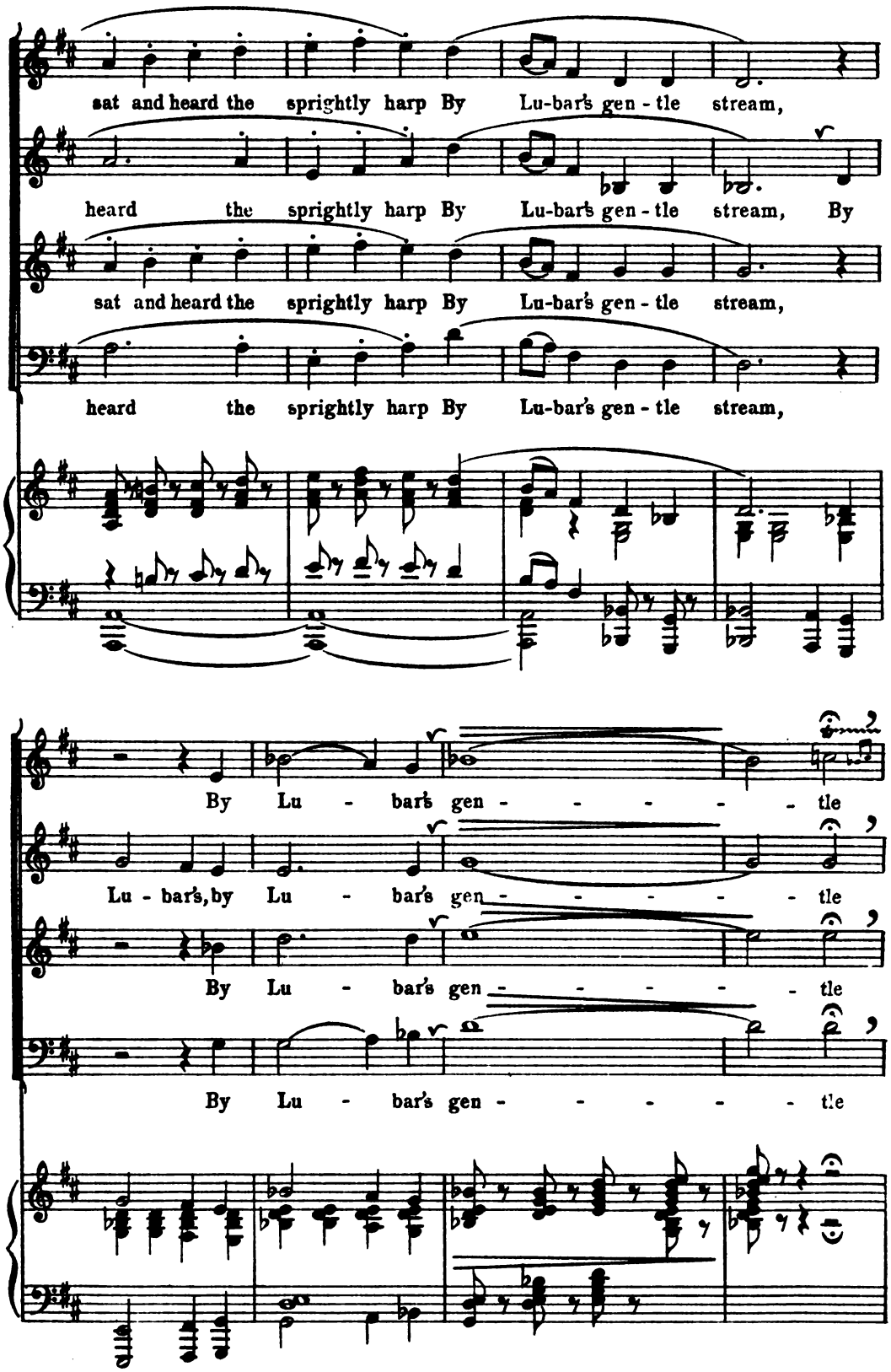
We

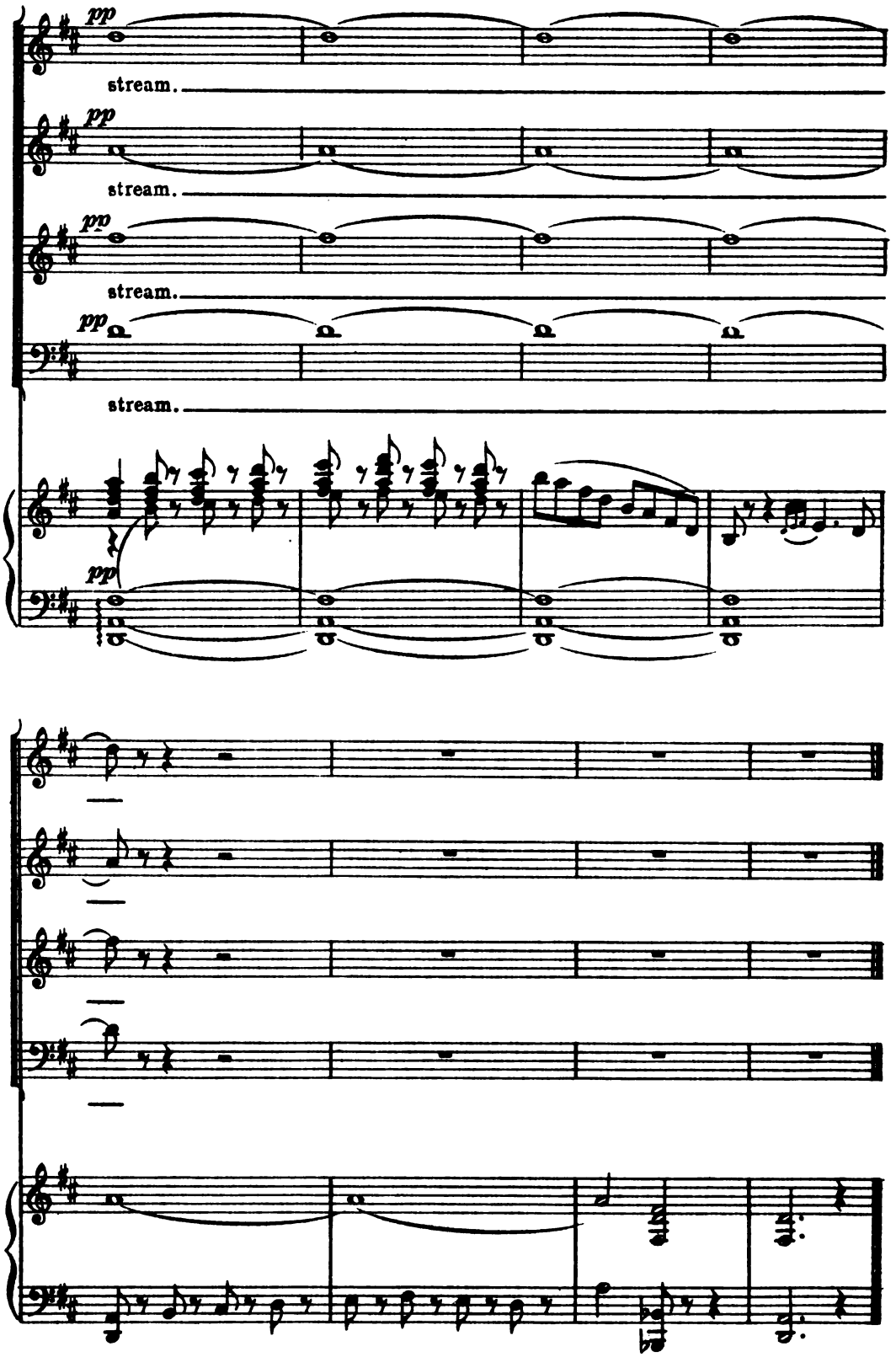
We

sat and heard the spright-ly harp By Lu-bar's gen-tle stream. We

We

26

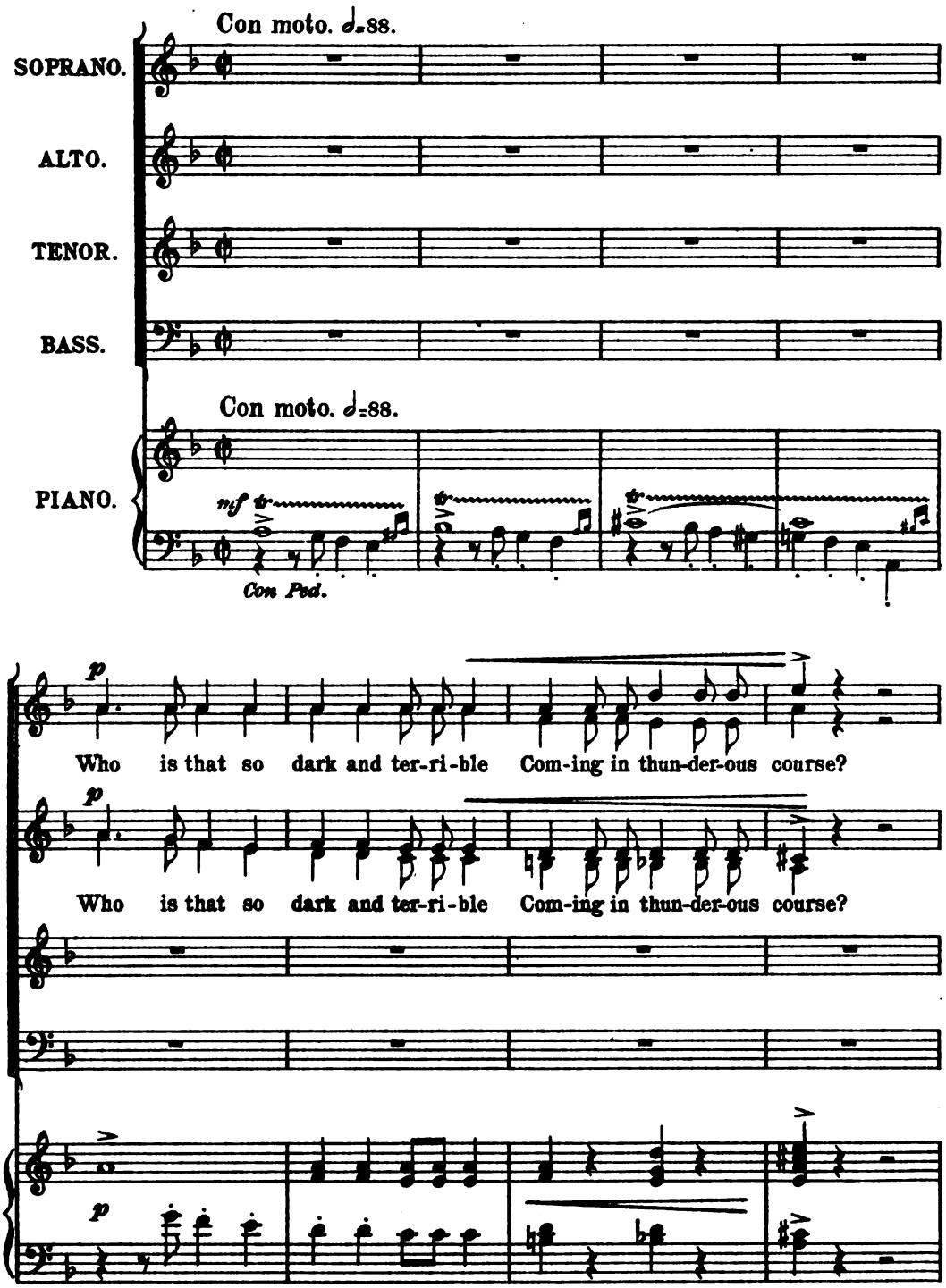

sat and heard the sprightly harp By Lu-bar's gen - tle stream,
heard the sprightly harp By Lu-bar's gen - tle stream, By
sat and heard the sprightly harp By Lu-bar's gen - tle stream,
heard the sprightly harp By Lu-bar's gen - tle stream,
By Lu - bar's gen - - - - - tle
Lu - bar's, by Lu - bar's gen - - - - - tle
By Lu - bar's gen - - - - - tle
By Lu - bar's gen - - - - - tle

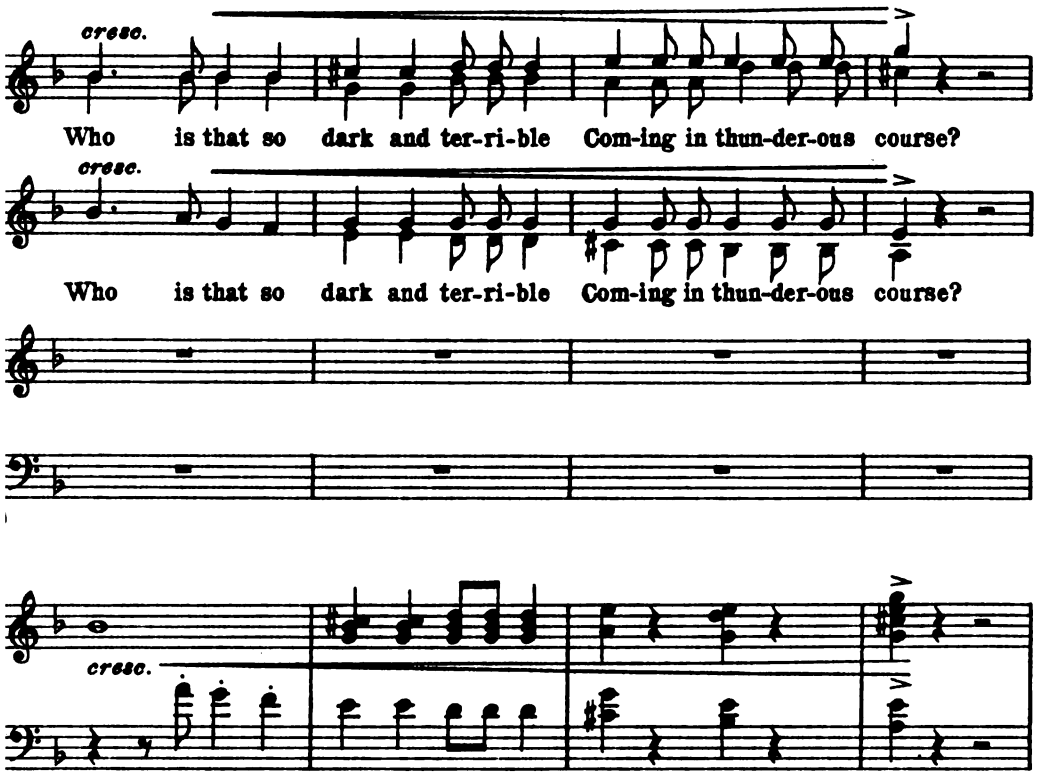

pp
stream.
pp
stream.
pp
stream.
pp
stream.
pp

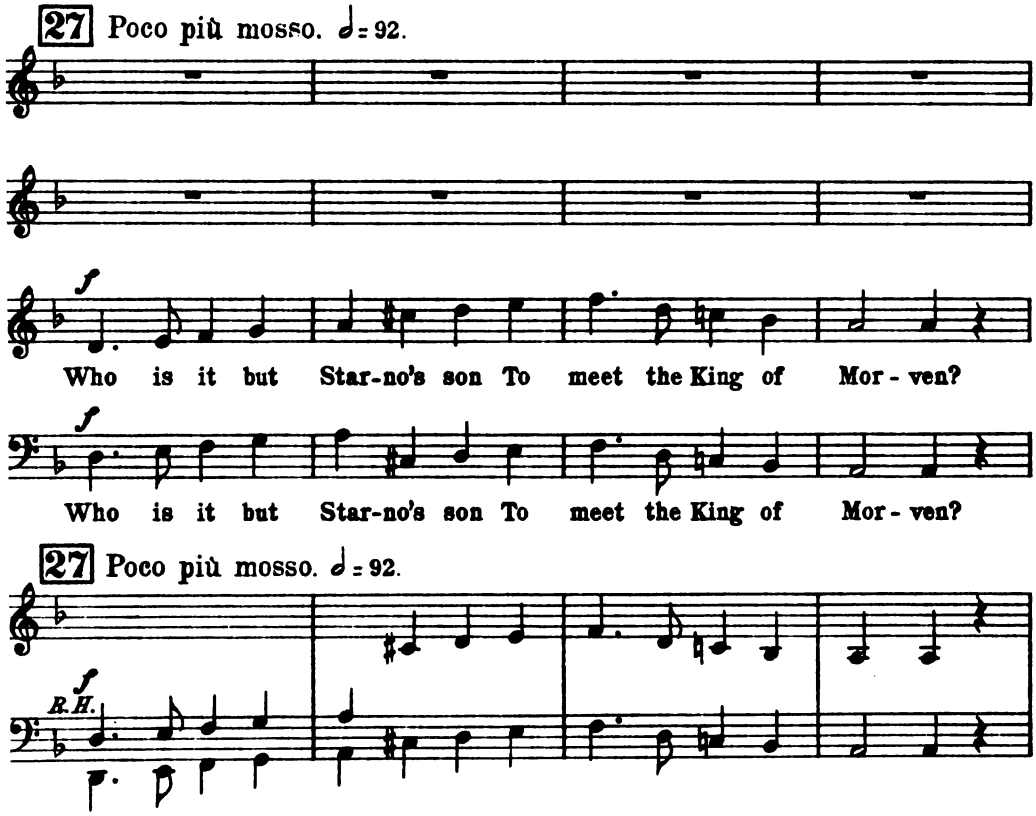
(b)

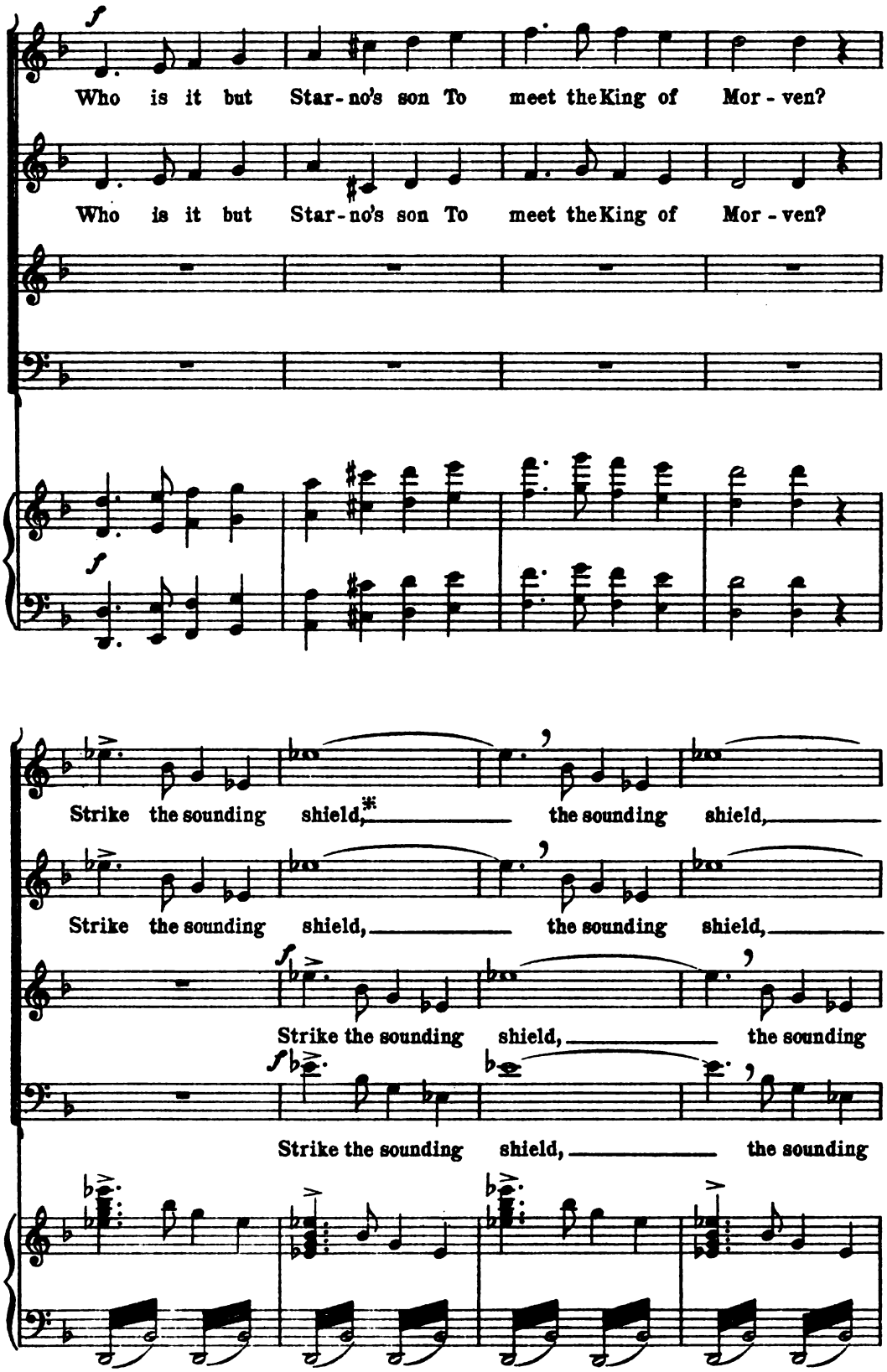
CHORUS.

"WHO IS THAT SO DARK AND TERRIBLE?"




cresc.
Who is that so dark and ter-ri-ble Com-ing in thun-der-ous course?
cresc.
Who is that so dark and ter-ri-ble Com-ing in thun-der-ous course?
cresc.


27 Poco più mosso. 𝅗𝅥 = 92.
f
Who is it but Star-no's son To meet the King of Mor - ven?
f
Who is it but Star-no's son To meet the King of Mor - ven?
27 Poco più mosso. 𝅗𝅥 = 92.
f
R.H.



*The signal of battle

28

— The shield of war! —

— The shield of war! —

shield, The shield of war! — As the shades of

shield, The shield of war! — As the shades of

28

*(Almost hissed out between the teeth.)

(Cur - ach!) Gloom - y, dark, suc -

(Cur - ach!) Gloom - y, dark, suc -

Au - tumn fly — O - ver the hills of grass,

Au - tumn fly — O - ver the hills of grass,

(*"Curach!" the madness of battle.)

-cess - ive Come the chiefs o' the ech-oing woods.

-cess - ive Come the chiefs o' the ech-oing woods.

*(Almost hissed out between the teeth)

(Cur - ach!)

(Cur - ach!)

Cur - ach! Cur - ach! Cur-ach! Curach!

Cur - ach! Cur - ach! Cur-ach! Curach!

Cur - ach! Cur - ach! Cur-ach! Cur-ach!

Cur - ach! Cur - ach! Cur-ach! Cur-ach!

(*"Curach!" the madness of battle.)

29 *sgridato*

Curach!

Curach!

Curach! The wild-ness of the

Curach! The wild-ness of the

29

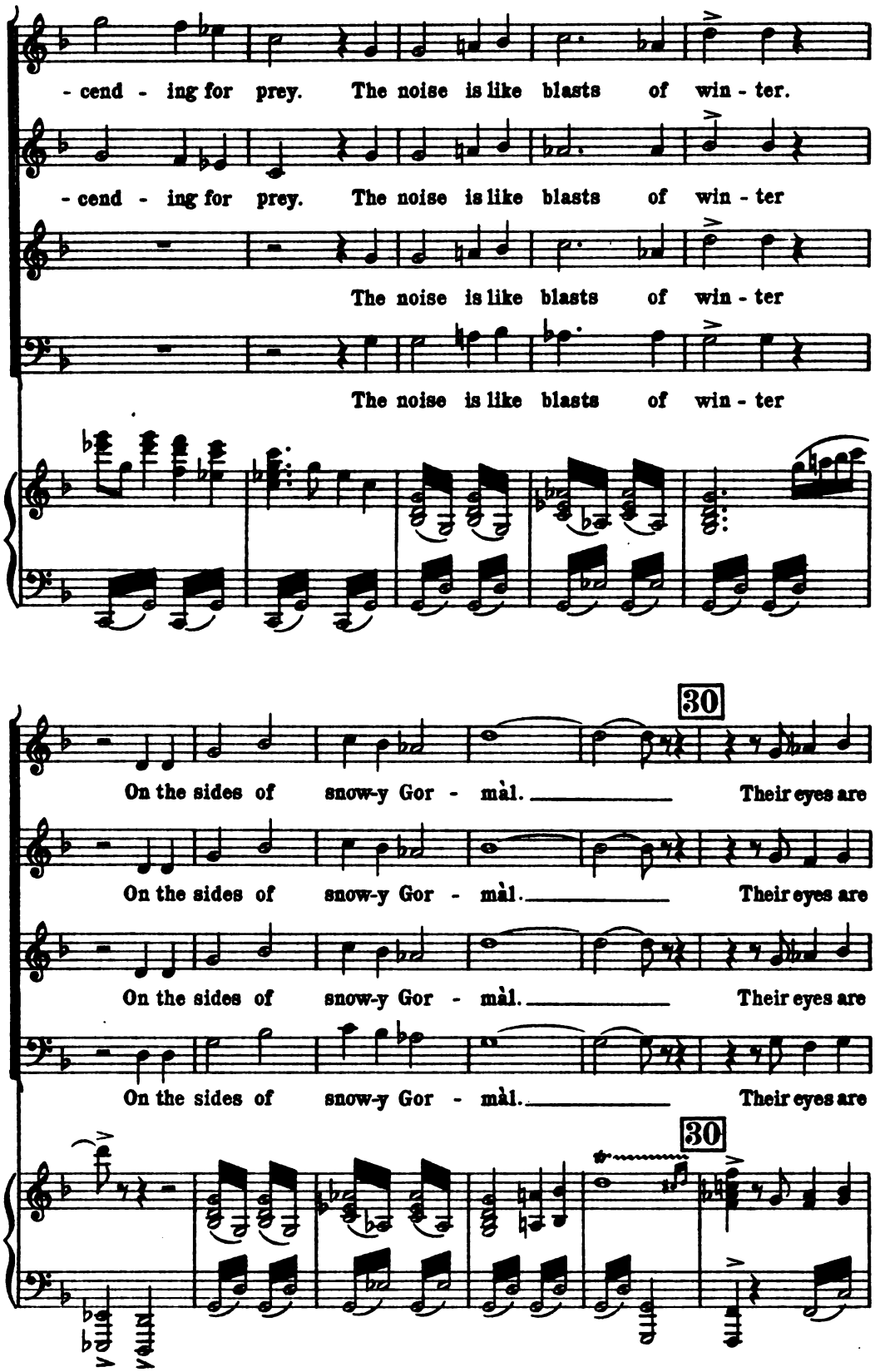
f

The strength of ea - gles des -

The strength of ea - gles des -

deer is in their course.

deer is in their course.


- cend - ing for prey. The noise is like blasts of win - ter.
- cend - ing for prey. The noise is like blasts of win - ter
The noise is like blasts of win - ter
The noise is like blasts of win - ter
30
On the sides of snow-y Gor - màl. Their eyes are
On the sides of snow-y Gor - màl. Their eyes are
On the sides of snow-y Gor - màl. Their eyes are
On the sides of snow-y Gor - màl. Their eyes are
30

flames of fire, And roll in search of

flames of fire, And roll in search of

flames of fire, And roll in search of

flames of fire, And roll in search of

foes; Their mighty hands are on their

foes; Their mighty hands are on their

foes; Their mighty hands are on their

foes; Their mighty hands are on their

swords, And light - ning pours from their sides.

swords, And light - ning pours from their sides.

swords, And light - ning pours from their sides.

swords, And light - ning pours from their sides.

31

mf

As the waves o'er the deep Come

mf

As the waves o'er the deep Come

p

As waves white - bubbling o'er the deep Come

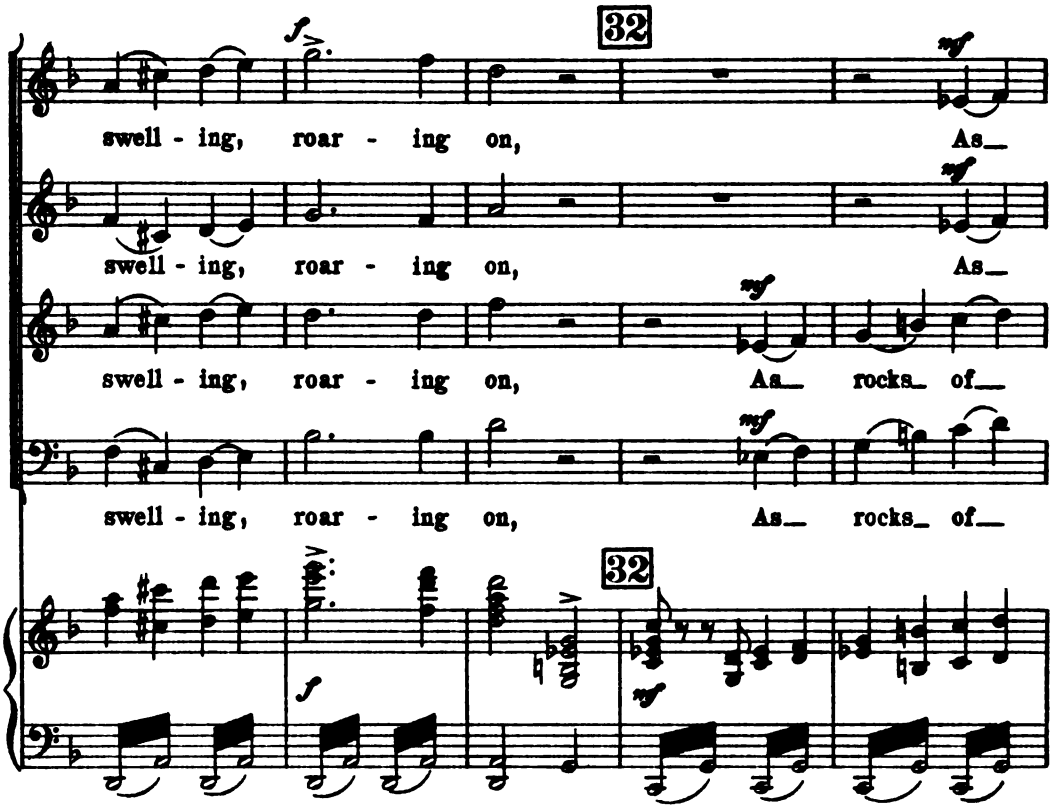
p

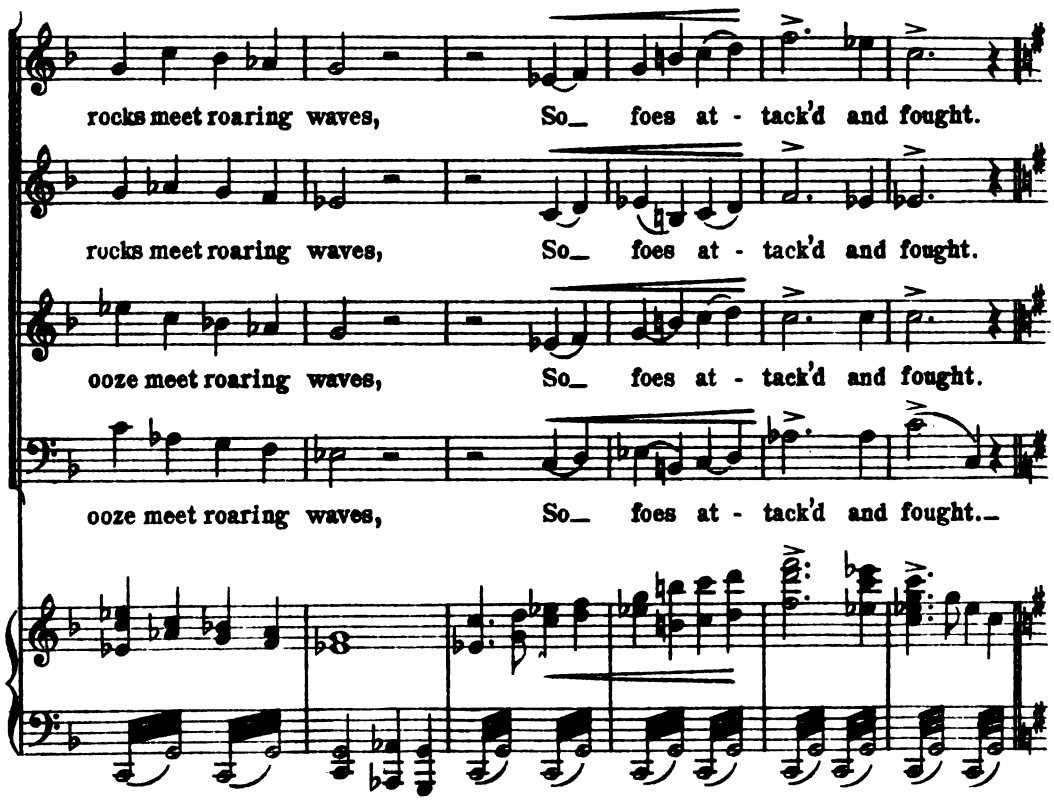
As waves white - bubbling o'er the deep Come

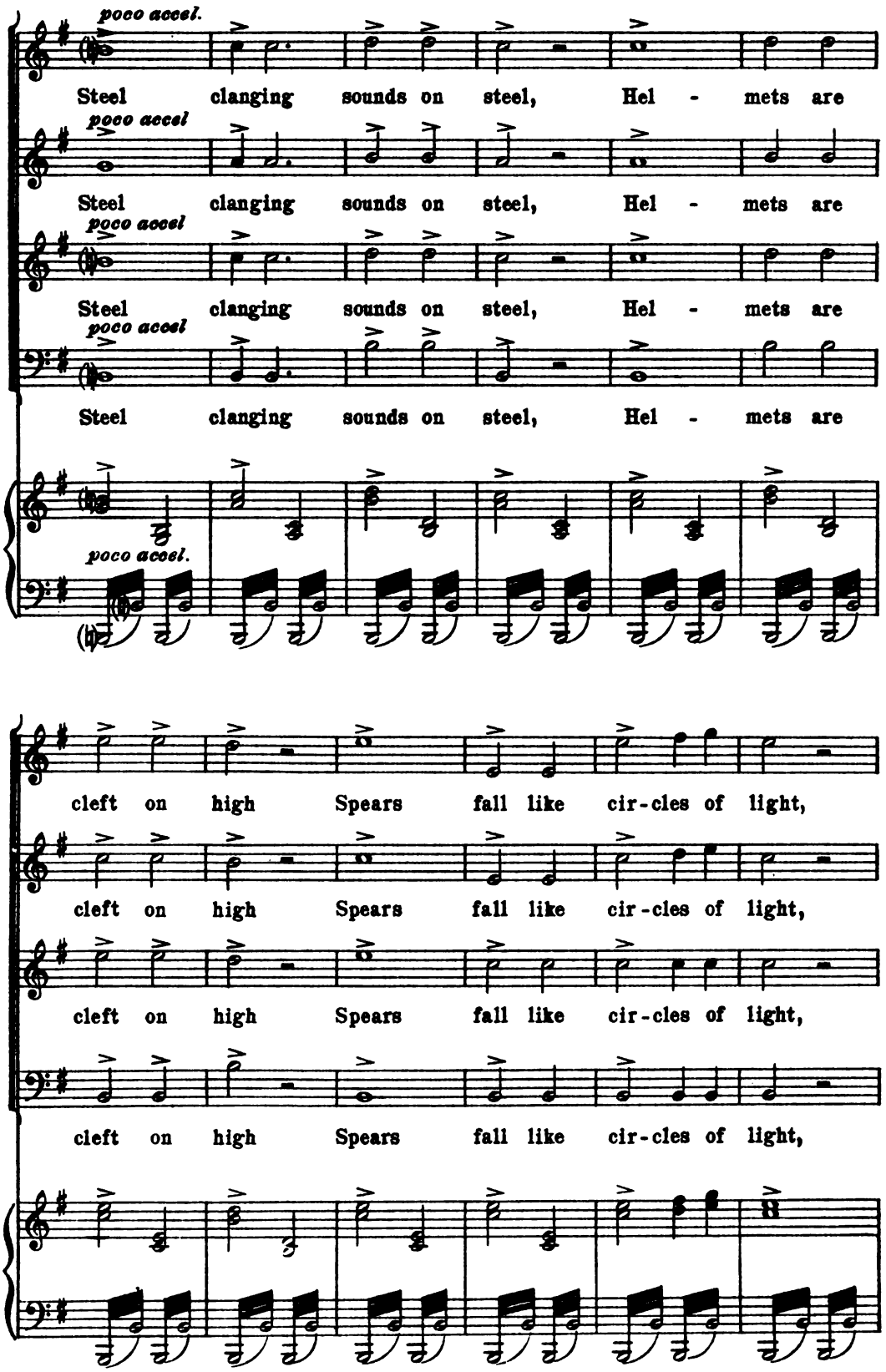
31

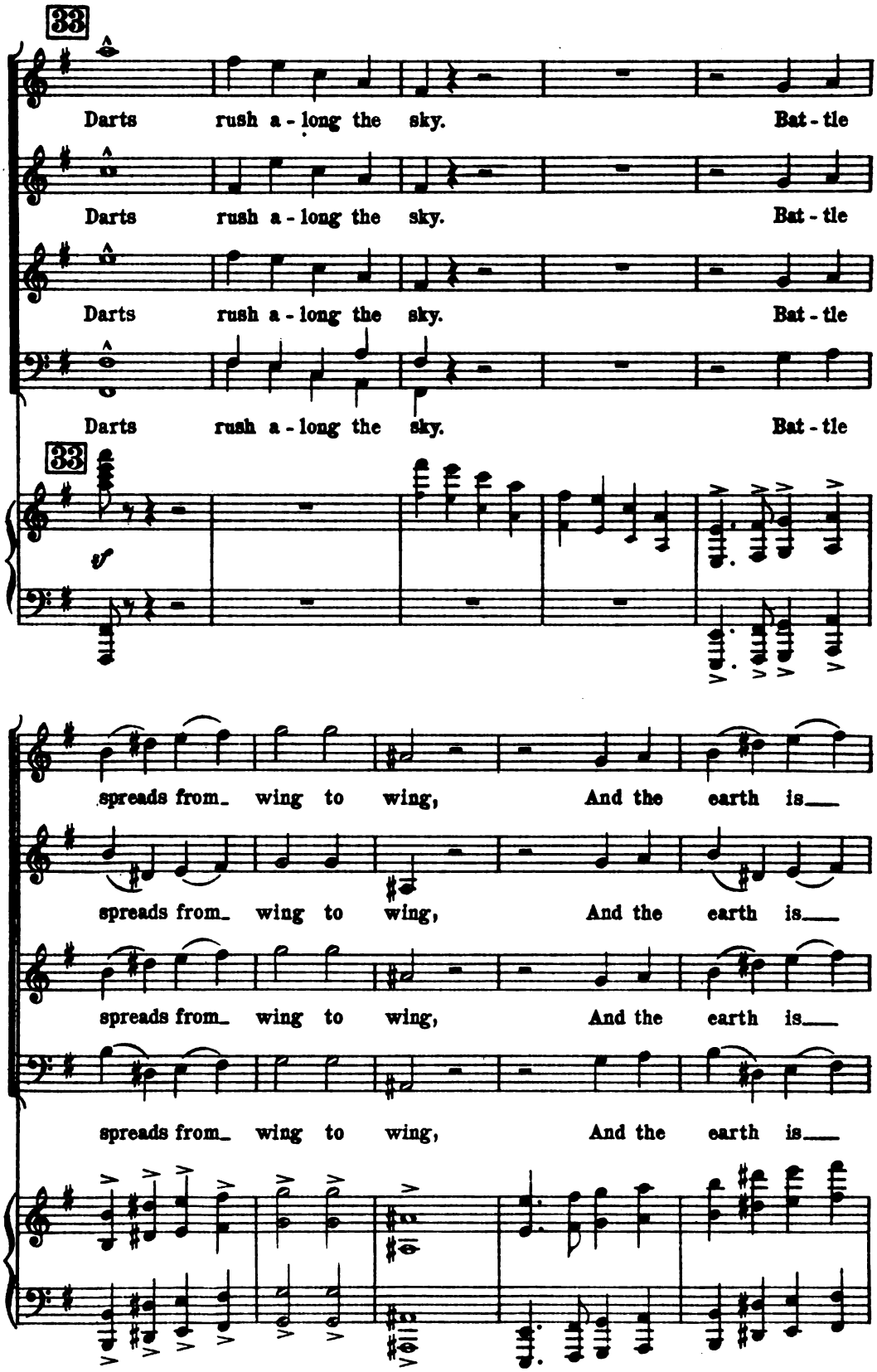
f

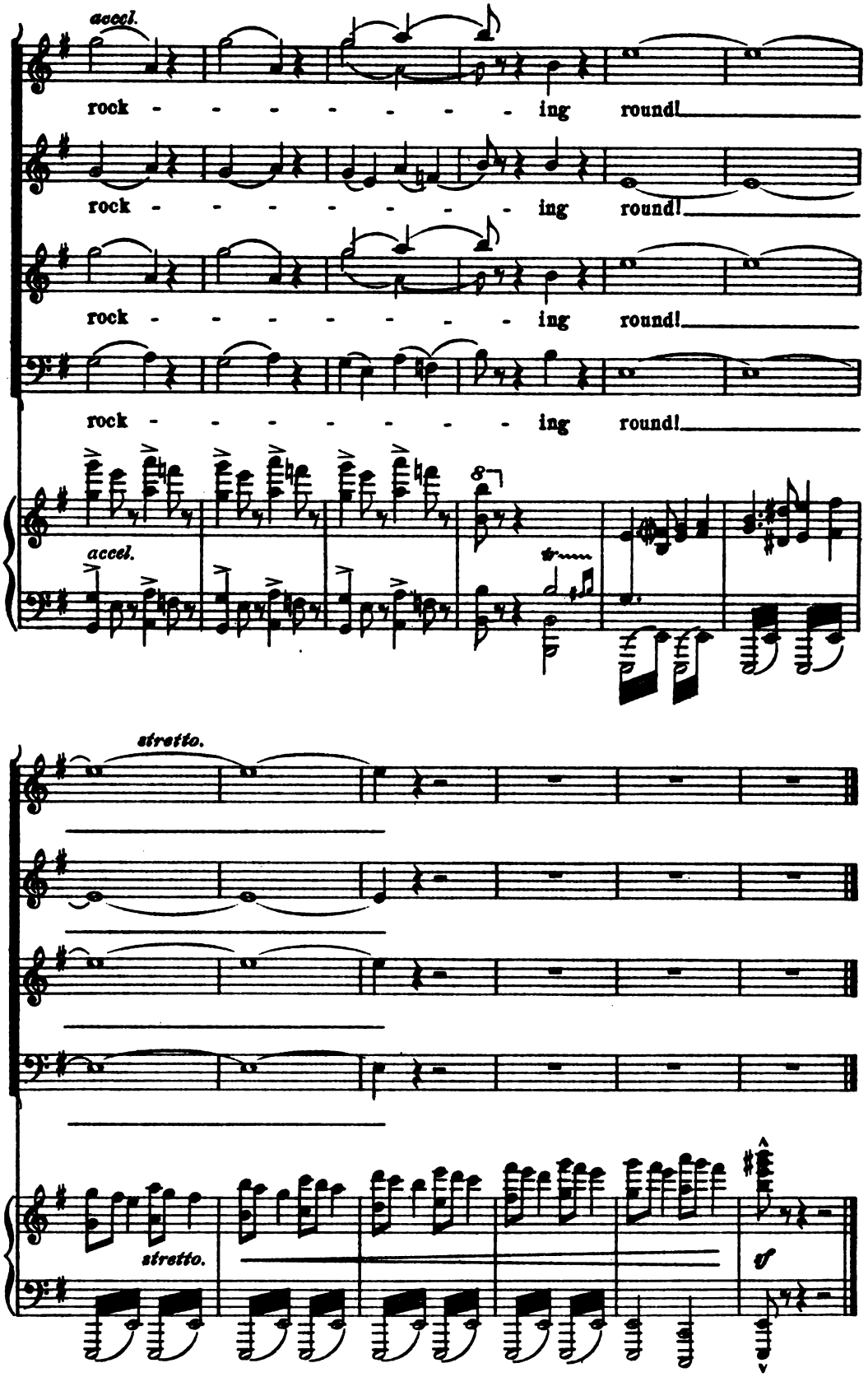
p


32
swell - ing, roar - ing on, As_
swell - ing, roar - ing on, As_
swell - ing, roar - ing on, As_ rocks_ of_
swell - ing, roar - ing on, As_ rocks_ of_
32


rocks meet roaring waves, So_ foes at - tack'd and fought.
rocks meet roaring waves, So_ foes at - tack'd and fought.
ooze meet roaring waves, So_ foes at - tack'd and fought.
ooze meet roaring waves, So_ foes at - tack'd and fought._


poco accel.
Steel clanging sounds on steel, Hel - mets are
poco accel
Steel clanging sounds on steel, Hel - mets are
poco accel
Steel clanging sounds on steel, Hel - mets are
poco accel
Steel clanging sounds on steel, Hel - mets are
poco accel.
cleft on high Spears fall like cir-cles of light,
cleft on high Spears fall like cir-cles of light,
cleft on high Spears fall like cir-cles of light,
cleft on high Spears fall like cir-cles of light,


33
Darts rush a - long the sky. Bat - tle
Darts rush a - long the sky. Bat - tle
Darts rush a - long the sky. Bat - tle
Darts rush a - long the sky. Bat - tle
33
spreads from_ wing to wing, And the earth is___
spreads from_ wing to wing, And the earth is___
spreads from_ wing to wing, And the earth is___
spreads from_ wing to wing, And the earth is___


accel.
rock - - - - - - - ing round!
rock - - - - - - - ing round!
rock - - - - - - - ing round!
rock - - - - - - - ing round!
accel.
stretto.
stretto.

(●) **SCENE— Tenor and Baritone.**

"THEY FOUGHT ON THE HEATH OF LENA."

Moderato quasi allegretto. ♩=120.

TENOR.

BARITONE.

In modo di Recit.

mf

They fought on the heath of Le-na,

Moderato quasi allegretto. ♩=120.

PIANO.

mf

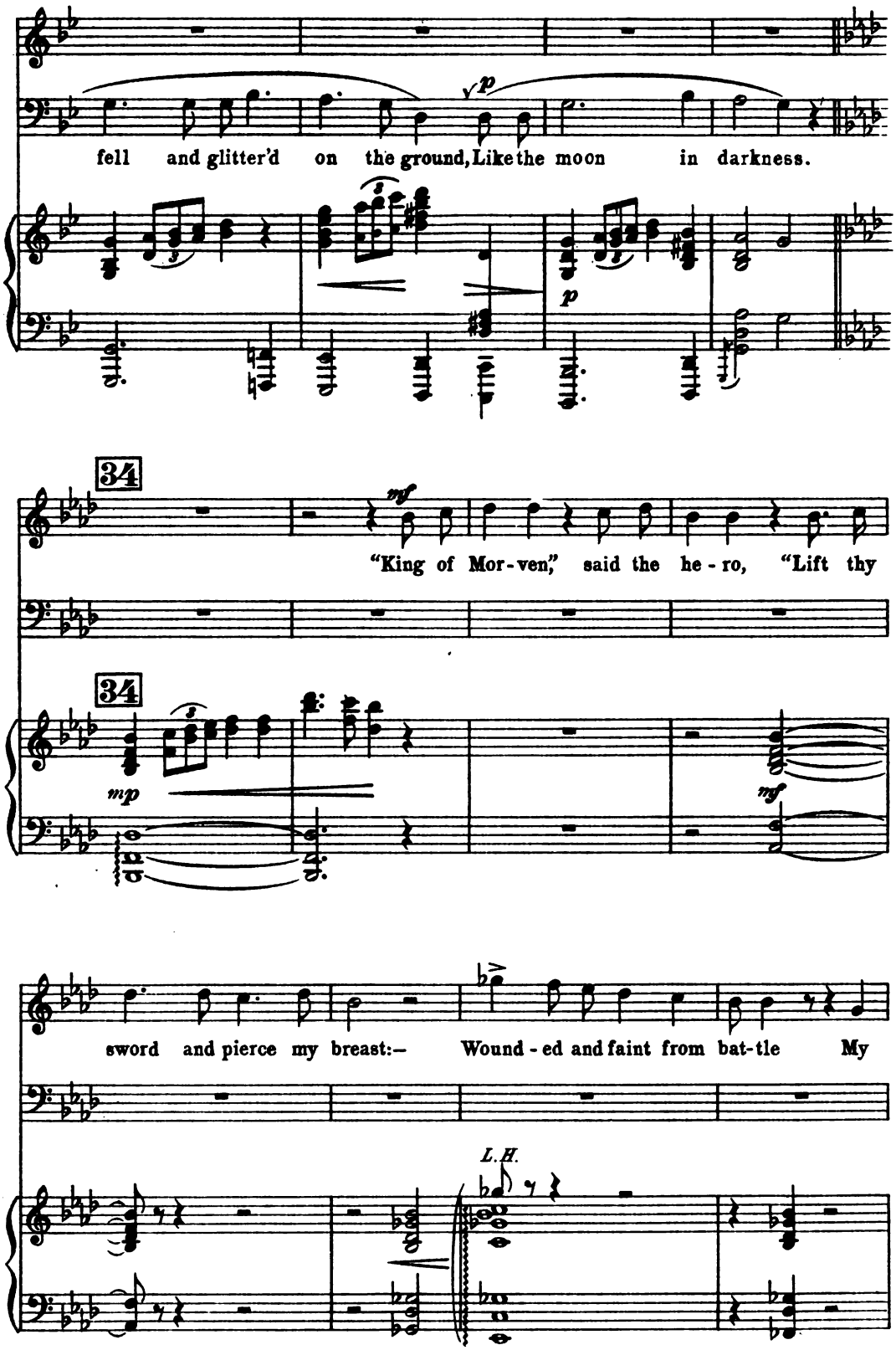
Con Ped.

cresc.

But weak was the arm of Or-la. The

sword of Fin-gàl des-cend-ed, And cleft his shield in twain. It

cresc.


p
fell and glitter'd on the ground, Like the moon in darkness.
p
34
mf
"King of Mor-ven," said the he-ro, "Lift thy
34
mp
mf
sword and pierce my breast:— Wound-ed and faint from bat-tle My
L.H.

friends have left me here. The mourn-ful tale shall reach my love On the

banks of stream-y Lo - da."

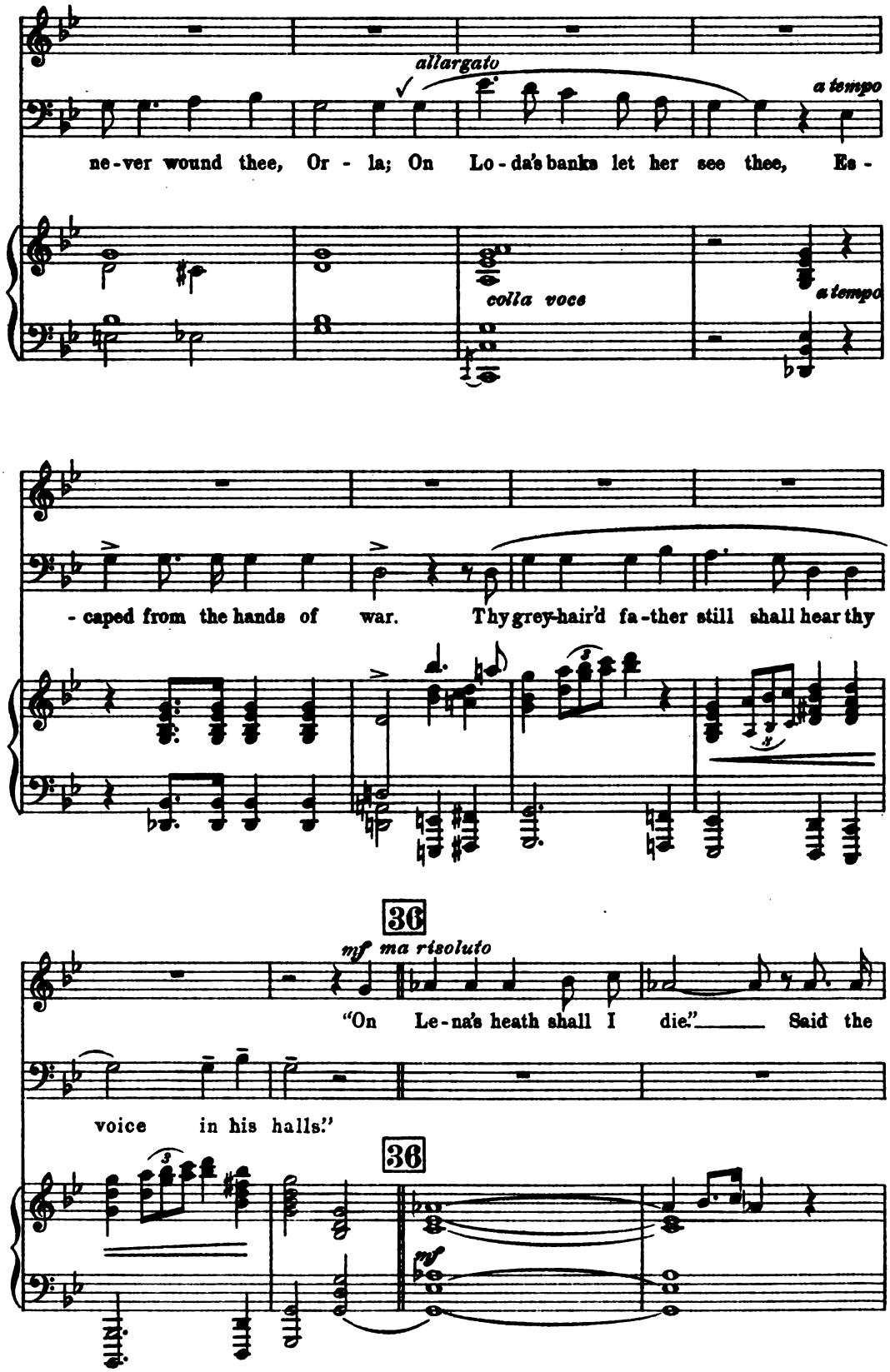
35

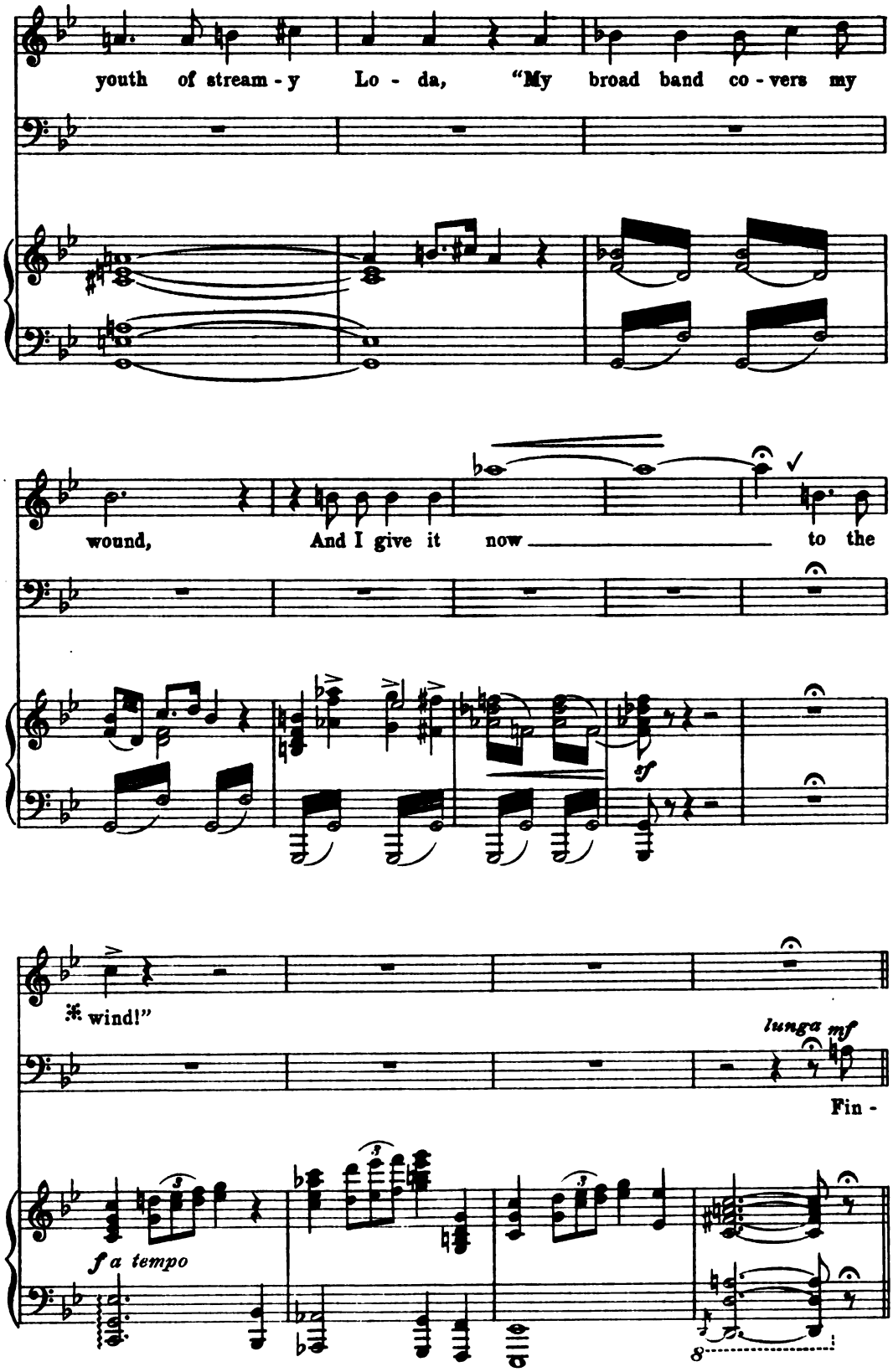
35 Più energico.

mf

Deciso

"No," said the King of Morven, "I will


allargato
a tempo
ne-ver wound thee, Or - la; On Lo-da's banks let her see thee, Es-
colla voce
a tempo
- caped from the hands of war. Thy grey-hair'd fa-ther still shall hear thy
36
mf ma risoluto
"On Le-na's heath shall I die." Said the
voice in his halls."
36
mf



*. This word to be pronounced wynd throughout this work.

37

rall.

-gàl bends o-ver him as he dies, And calls his young-er

37

p

Con dignità.

he-roes: "Raise high, my sons, the mem-o-ry of

rall.

Or-la! Here let the dark hair'd he-ro

colla voce

38

a tempo

rest; The van - quish'd, if

38

a tempo

a tempo

brave, are re - nown'd!"

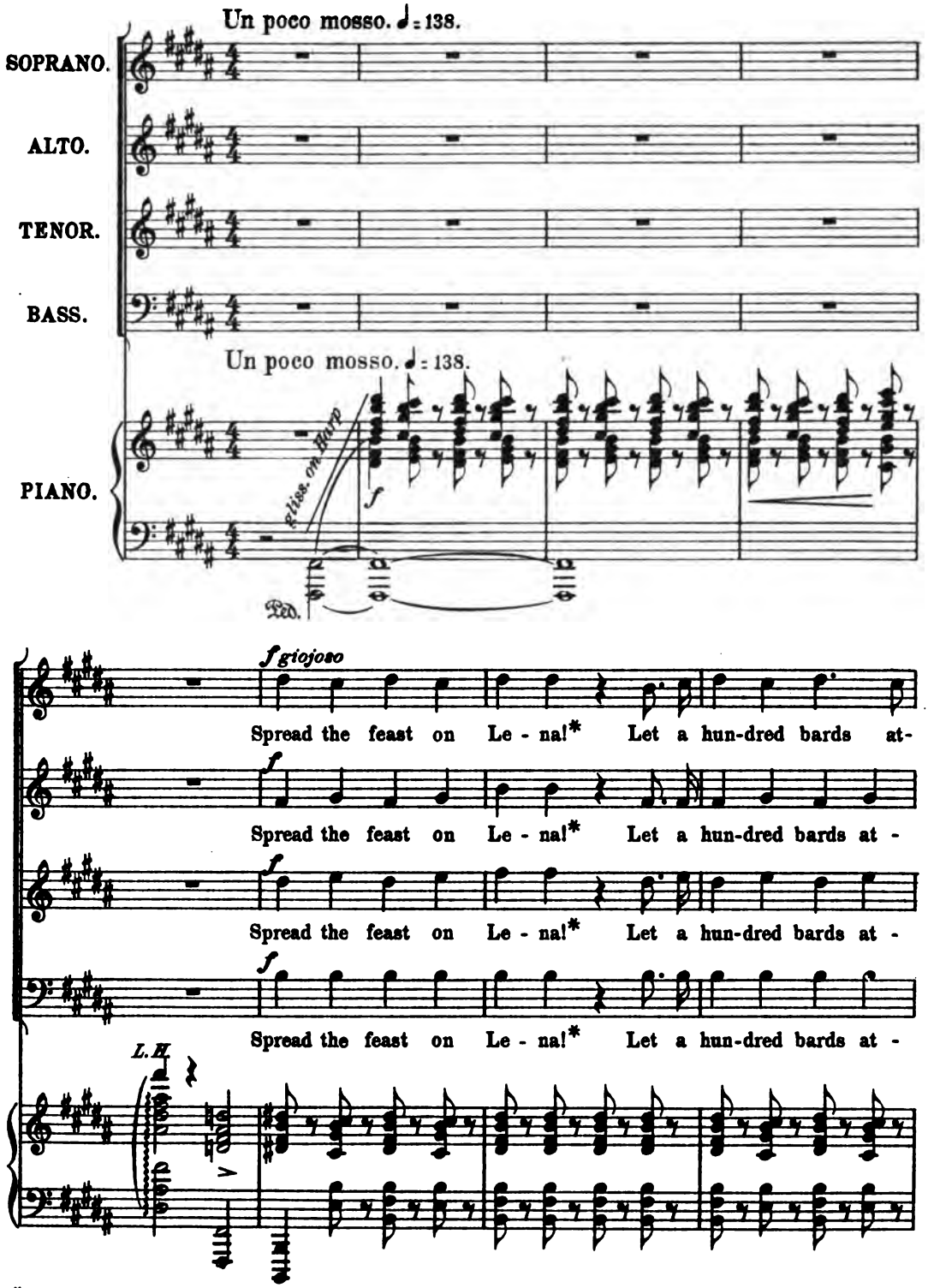
a tempo

a tempo

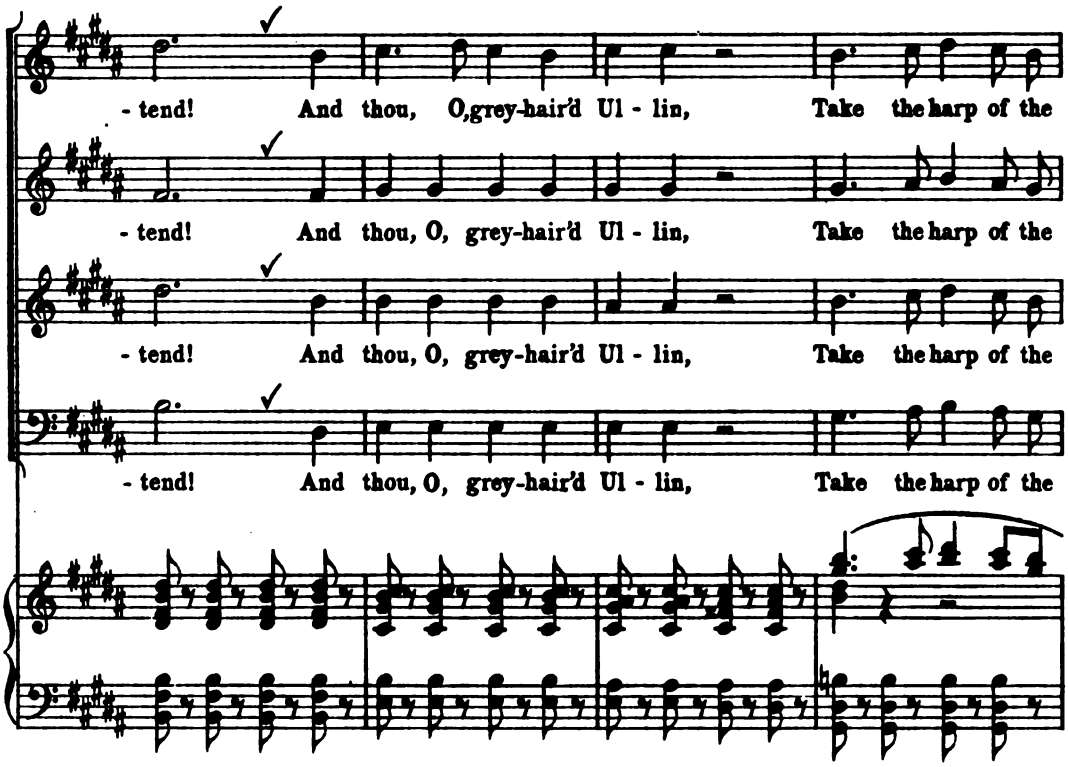
(d)

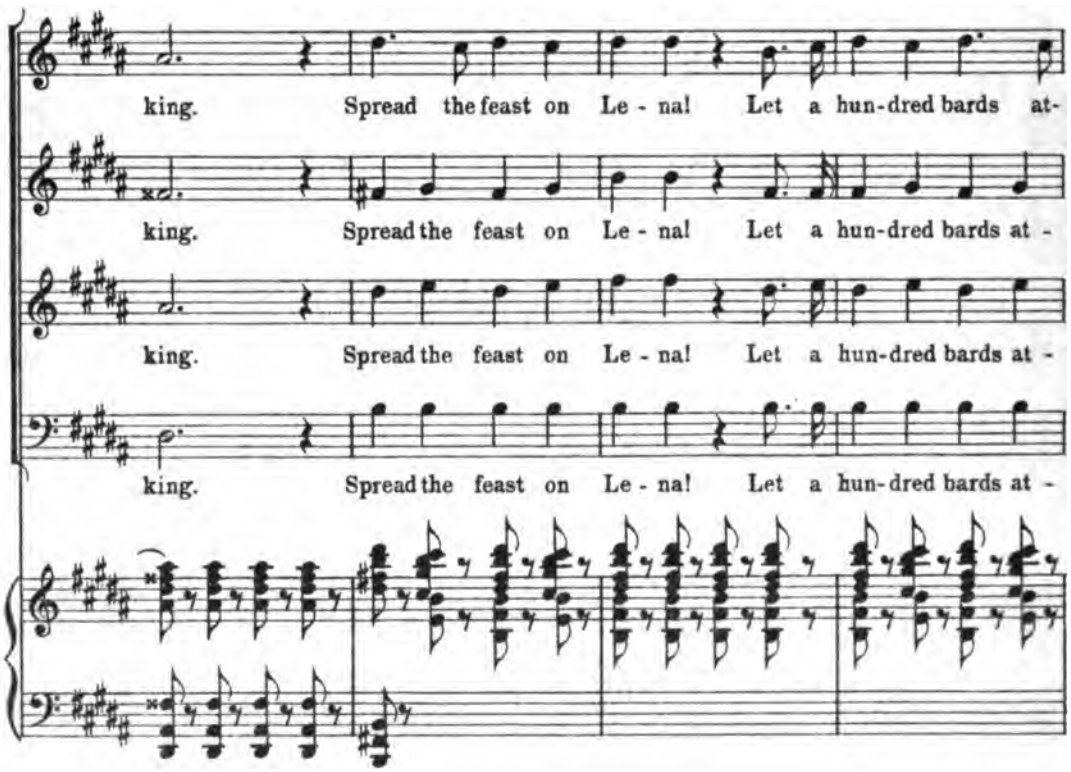
CHORUS.

"SPREAD THE FEAST ON LENA."



* It was the custom to feast after a victory.


- tend! And thou, O,grey-hair'd Ul - lin, Take the harp of the
- tend! And thou, O, grey-hair'd Ul - lin, Take the harp of the
- tend! And thou, O, grey-hair'd Ul - lin, Take the harp of the
- tend! And thou, O, grey-hair'd Ul - lin, Take the harp of the


king. Spread the feast on Le - na! Let a hun-dred bards at-
king. Spread the feast on Le - na! Let a hun-dred bards at -
king. Spread the feast on Le - na! Let a hun-dred bards at -
king. Spread the feast on Le - na! Let a hun-dred bards at -

- tend! And let a thou-sand lights Rise in the hall of

- tend! And let a thou-sand lights Rise in the hall of

- tend! And let a thou-sand lights Rise in the hall of

- tend! And let a thou-sand lights Rise in the hall of

39

shells!*

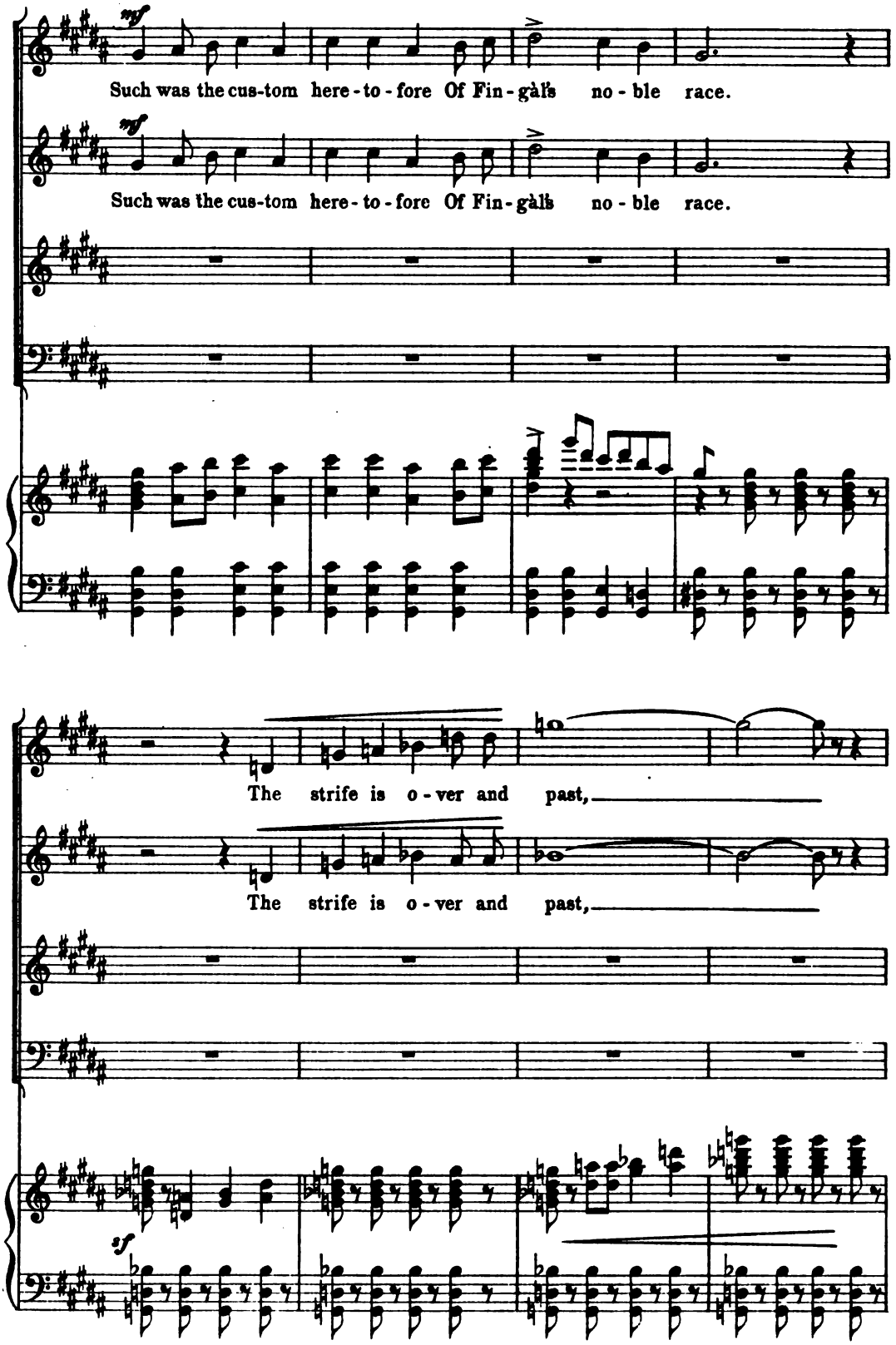
shells!*

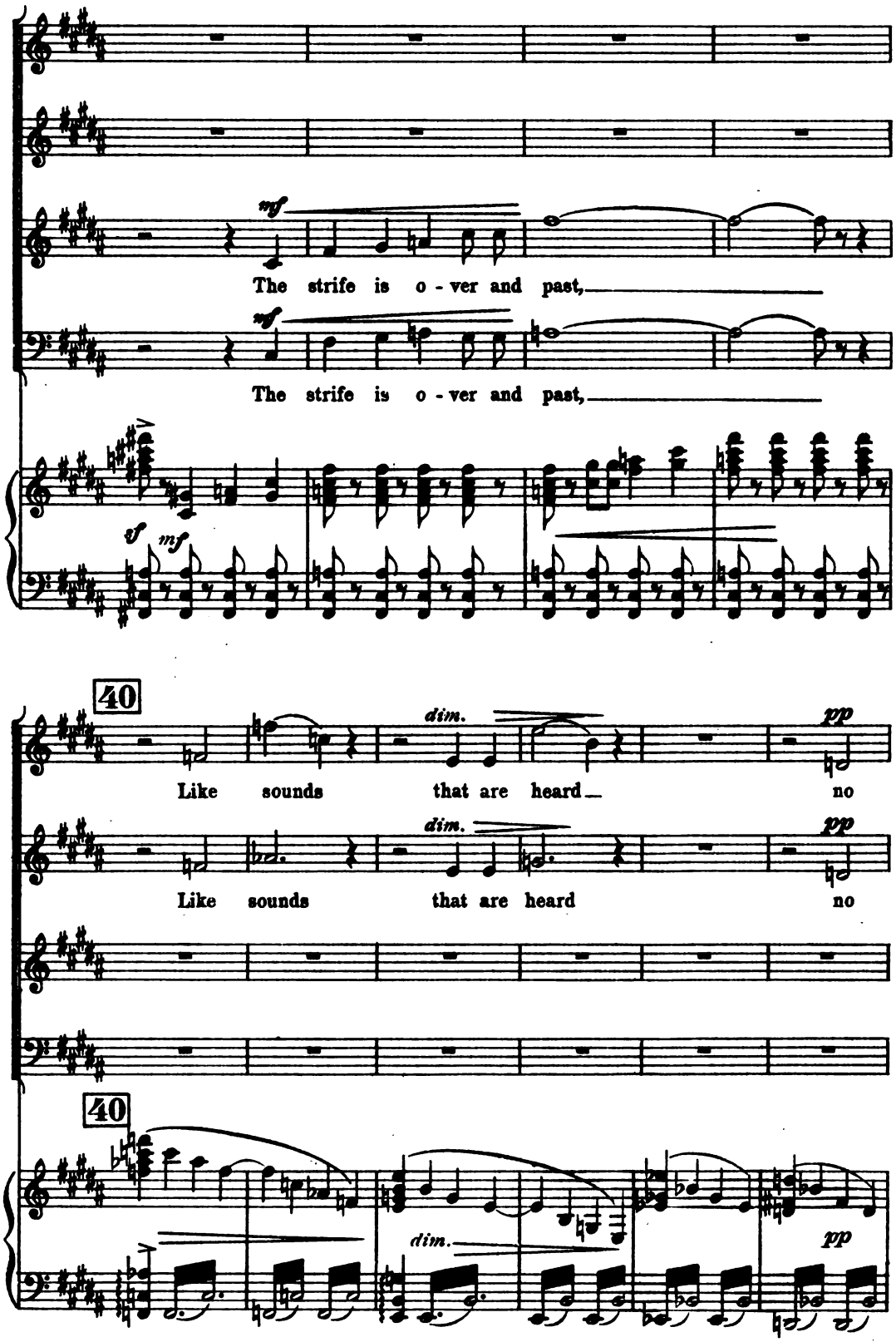
shells!* Such was the custom here-to-fore Of Fin-gàl's no-ble race.

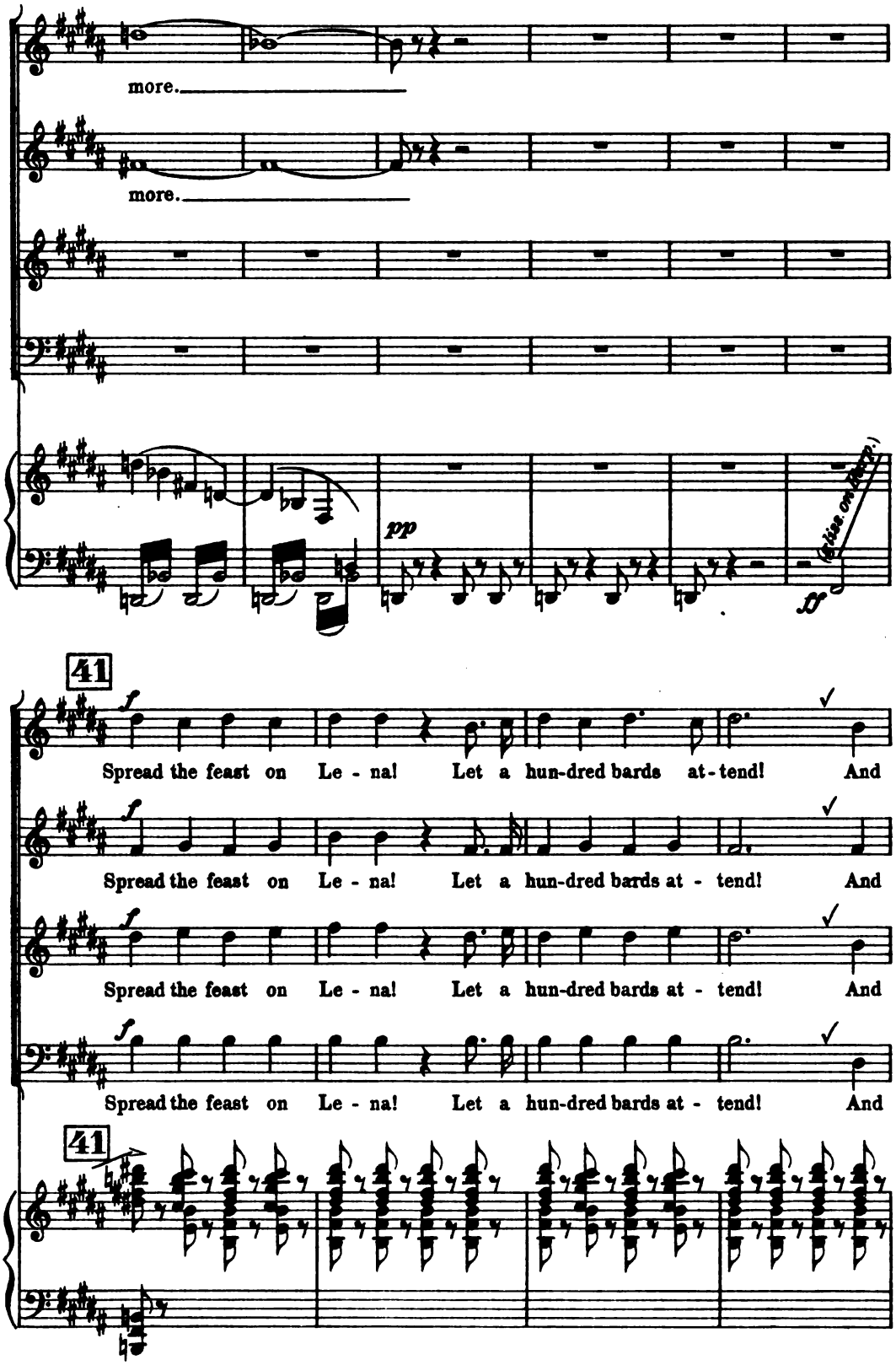
shells!* Such was the custom here-to-fore Of Fin-gàl's no-ble race.

39

*The ancient Scots drunk from shells.


mf
Such was the cus-tom here-to-fore Of Fin-gàl's no-ble race.
mf
Such was the cus-tom here-to-fore Of Fin-gàl's no-ble race.
The strife is o-ver and past,
The strife is o-ver and past,
sf


mf
The strife is o - ver and past,
mf
The strife is o - ver and past,
sf
mf
40
dim.
pp
Like sounds that are heard no
dim.
pp
Like sounds that are heard no
40
dim.
pp


more.
more.
pp
(gliss. on Harp.)
ff
41
f
Spread the feast on Le - na! Let a hun-dred bards at - tend! And
Spread the feast on Le - na! Let a hun-dred bards at - tend! And
Spread the feast on Le - na! Let a hun-dred bards at - tend! And
Spread the feast on Le - na! Let a hun-dred bards at - tend! And
41

thou, O, grey-hair'd Ul - lin, Take the harp of the King.

thou, O, grey-hair'd Ul - lin, Take the harp of the King.

thou, O, grey-hair'd Ul - lin, Take the harp of the King.

thou, O, grey-hair'd Ul - lin, Take the harp of the King.

Spread the feast on Le - na! Let a hun-dred bards at-tend! And

Spread the feast on Le - na! Let a hun-dred bards at - tend! And

Spread the feast on Le - na! Let a hun-dred bards at - tend! And

Spread the feast on Le - na! Let a hun-dred bards at - tend! And

let a thou-sand lights Rise in the hall of shells!

let a thou-sand lights Rise in the hall of shells!

let a thou-sand lights Rise in the hall of shells!

let a thou-sand lights Rise in the hall of shells!

42

cresc. *sempre cresc.*

Raise the song, O bards! Raise the song, O, bards!

cresc. *sempre cresc.*

Raise the song, O bards! Raise the song, O, bards!

cresc. *sempre cresc.*

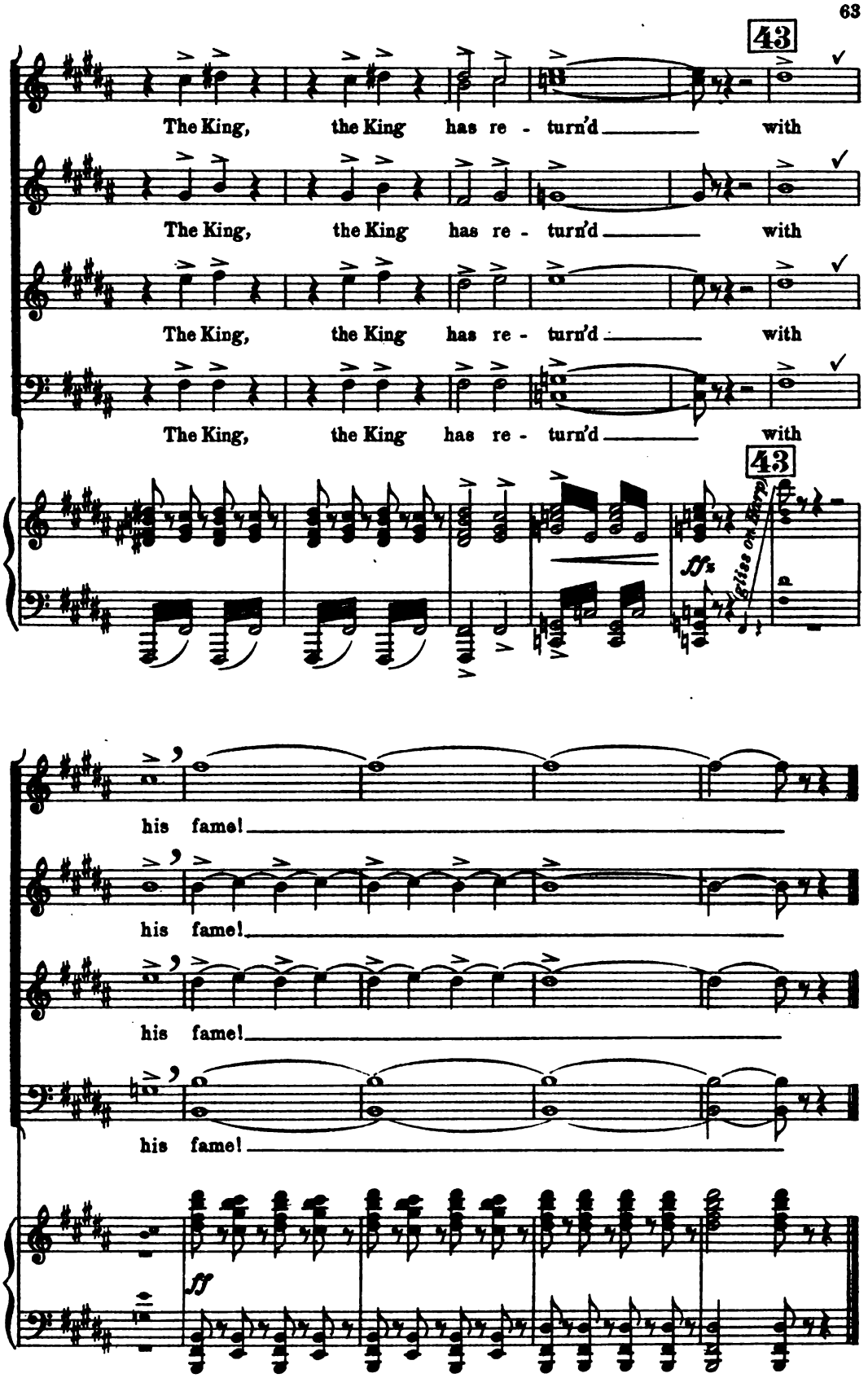
Raise the song, O bards! Raise the song, O, bards!

cresc. *sempre cresc.*

Raise the song, O bards! Raise the song, O, bards!

42

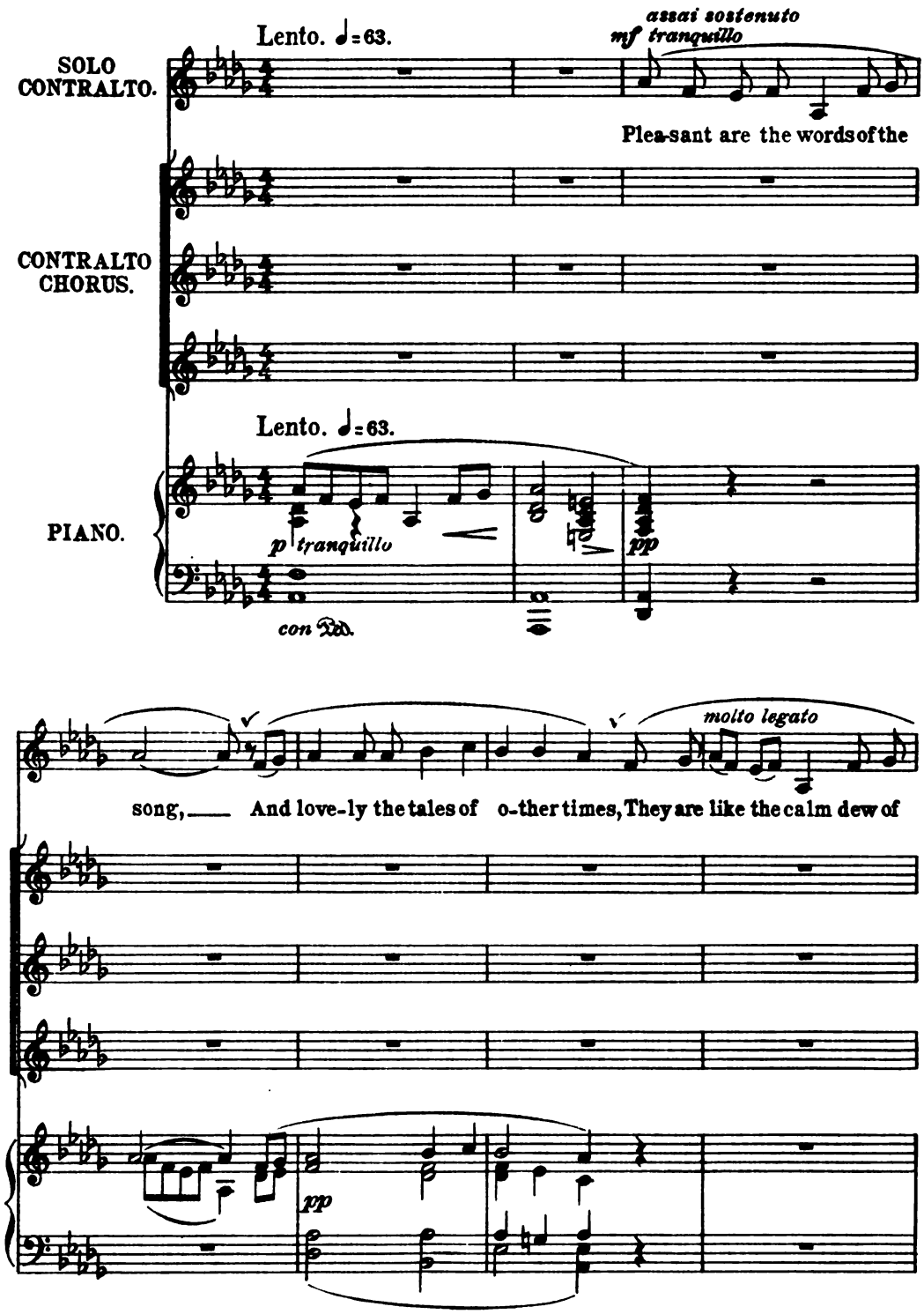
sempre cresc.


43
The King, the King has re - turn'd with
The King, the King has re - turn'd with
The King, the King has re - turn'd with
The King, the King has re - turn'd with
43
ffz
(gliss on Harp)
his fame!
his fame!
his fame!
his fame!
ff

No. 3.

CONTRALTO SOLO with CONTRALTO CHORUS.

"PLEASANT ARE THE WORDS"



44

poco calando

morn - ing On the hill of roes When the sun is faint on its

p

When the sun is faint, is

p

When the sun is faint, is

p

When the sun is faint, is

5

44

(*Voices only.*)

side, When the sun is faint on its side And the

a tempo

p

faint on its side, When the sun is faint on its side

faint on its side, When the sun is faint on its side

faint When the sun is faint on its side

a tempo

lake is set - tled and blue In the val - -

pp

45

poco calando *subito pp*

- ley. When the sun is faint on its side, When the

subito pp

When the sun is faint, is faint on its side When the

subito pp

When the sun is faint, is faint on its side When the

subito pp

When the sun is faint, is faint When the

45

poco calando

subito. *pp*

46

sempre dim.

sun is faint on its side, And the lake is set-tled and

sun is faint on its side,

sun is faint on its side,

sun is faint on its side,

46

a tempo

poco rall. *rall.* *ppp*

blue In the val - - ley.

ppp poco rall. *rall.*

In the val - - ley.

ppp poco rall. *rall.*

In the val - - ley.

ppp poco rall. *rall.*

In the val - - ley.

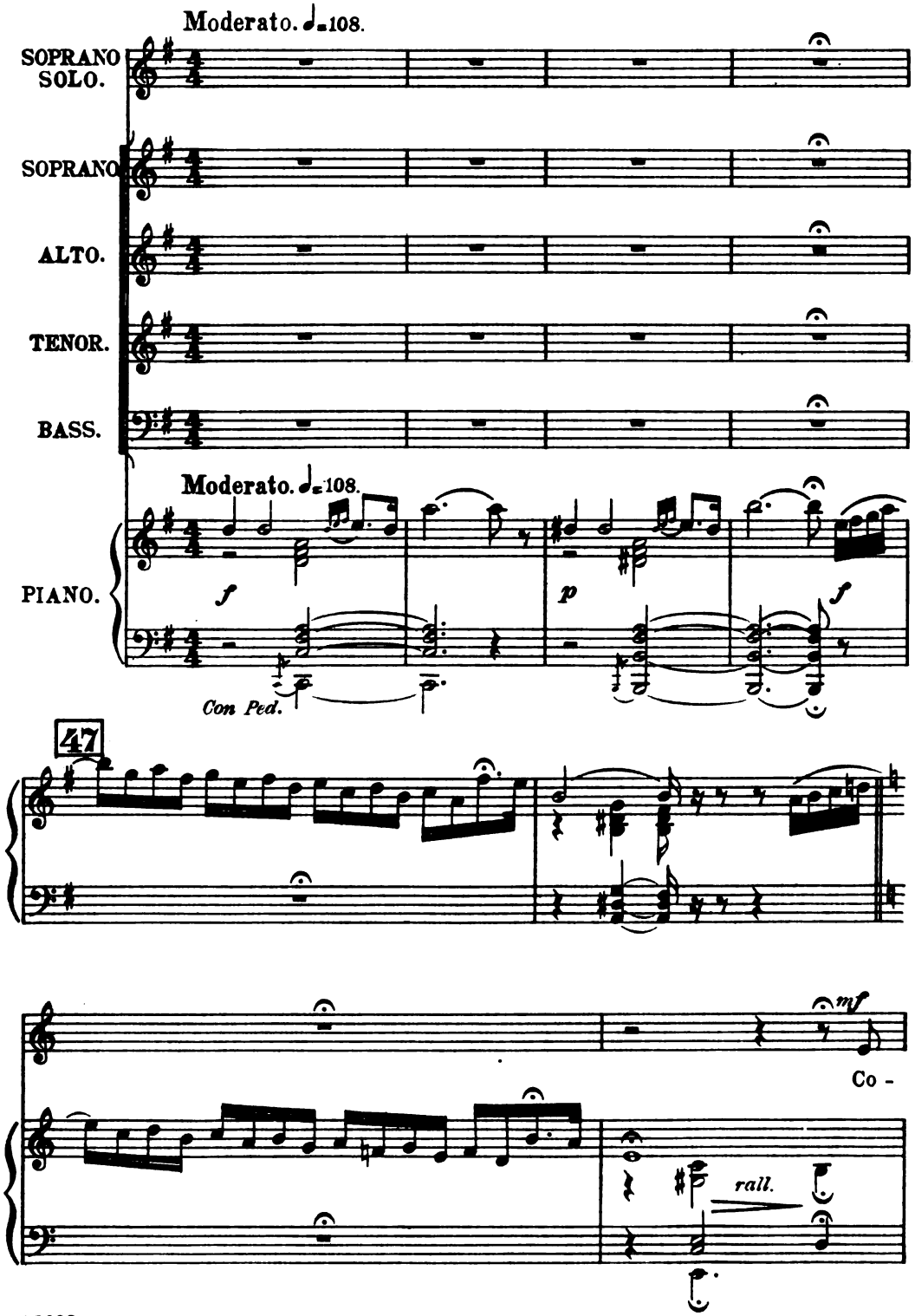
pp *poco rall.* *ppp* *rall.*

No. 4.

BALLAD.

SOPRANO SOLO and CHORUS.

"THE DAUGHTER OF CONLOCH."



48 Un poco lento. ♩=92.
In modo di ballata.

-màl was a son of Al-bion, The chief of a hun-dred hills, His

deer drank of a thou-sand streams, A thou-sand rocks re-plied to the

voice of his dogs.

His

His

His

His

L. H.

face was the mildness of youth, His hand the death of he-roes.

face was the mildness of youth, His hand the death of he-roes.

face was the mildness of youth, His hand the death of he-roes.

face was the mildness of youth, His hand the death of he-roes.

SOLO SOPRANO.

mf One was his love and fair was she, The daugh-ter of migh-ty Con-loch. She ap-

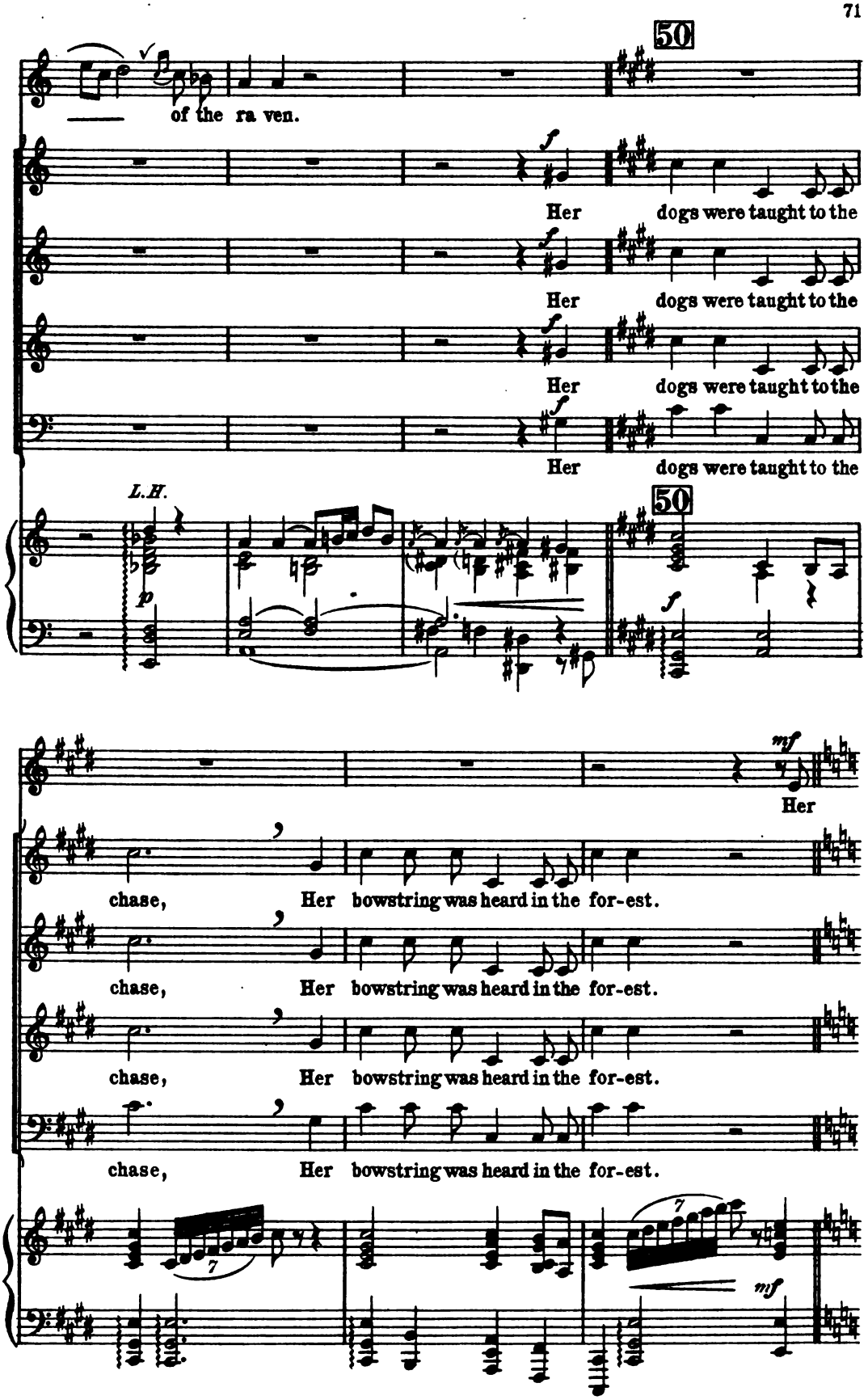
mf

mp

- pear'd like a sun-beam a-mong wo-men, And her hair was the wing

p

dolce.


50
of the ra ven.
f
Her dogs were taught to the
Her dogs were taught to the
Her dogs were taught to the
Her dogs were taught to the
L.H.
p
50
f
mf
Her
chase, Her bowstring was heard in the for-est.
chase, Her bowstring was heard in the for-est.
chase, Her bowstring was heard in the for-est.
chase, Her bowstring was heard in the for-est.
7
7
mf

51 *un poco allargato*

soul_was fix'd on Co - màl. Of - ten met their eyes_ in

51 *un poco allargato*

a tempo

love. Their course in the chase was one, And

a tempo

p

hap - py their words _____

p

L.H.

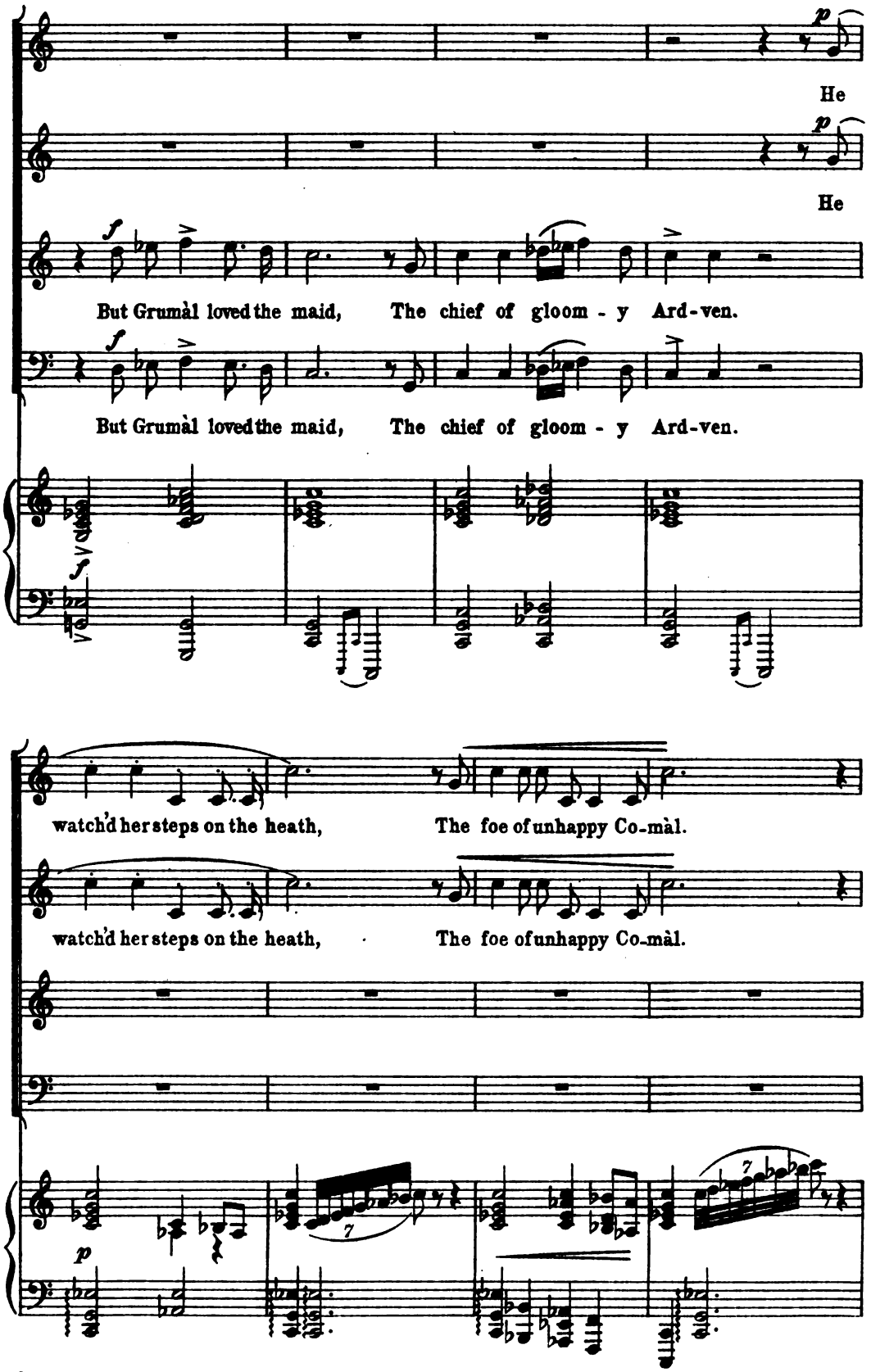
52

_____ in se - cret.

52

colla voce

p


He
He
But Grumàl loved the maid, The chief of gloom - y Ard-ven.
But Grumàl loved the maid, The chief of gloom - y Ard-ven.
watch'd her steps on the heath, The foe of unhappy Co-màl.
watch'd her steps on the heath, The foe of unhappy Co-màl.

53

mf *sostenuto*

One day, tired of the chase, When the mist had con-ceal'd their

53

sostenuto

p

friends, Co - màl and the daugh-ter of Con - loch, Met in the cave of

L.H.

54

Ron-an.

cresc.

'Twas the wont - ed haunt of Co - màl; Its

cresc.

'Twas the wont - ed haunt of Co - màl; Its

cresc.

'Twas the wont - ed haunt of Co - màl; Its

cresc.

'Twas the wont - ed haunt of Co - màl; Its

54

cresc.

55

Un poco meno mosso. *cantabile*

p

"Rest here," he said, "my

sides were hung with his arms.

sides were hung with his arms.

sides were hung with his arms.

sides were hung with his arms.

55

Un poco meno mosso. ♩ = 84. *cantabile*

p

poco calando

a tempo

love, Gal - vi - na, Thou light of the cave of Ro - an, A

colla voce

deer appears on Mo - ra's brow, I go— but will soon re -

poco cresc.

- turn." "I fear," she said, the dark Grumàl, He

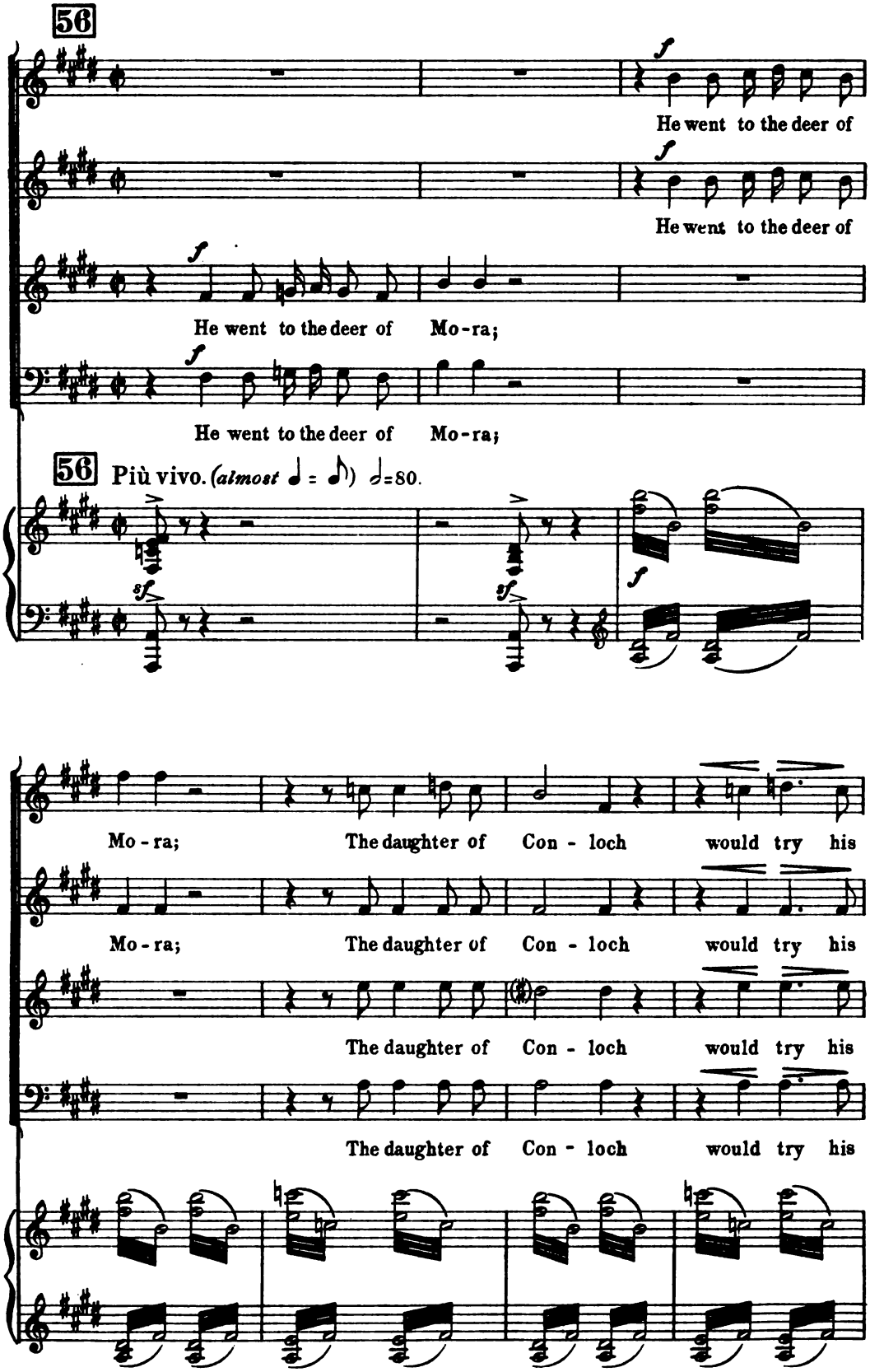
poco cresc.

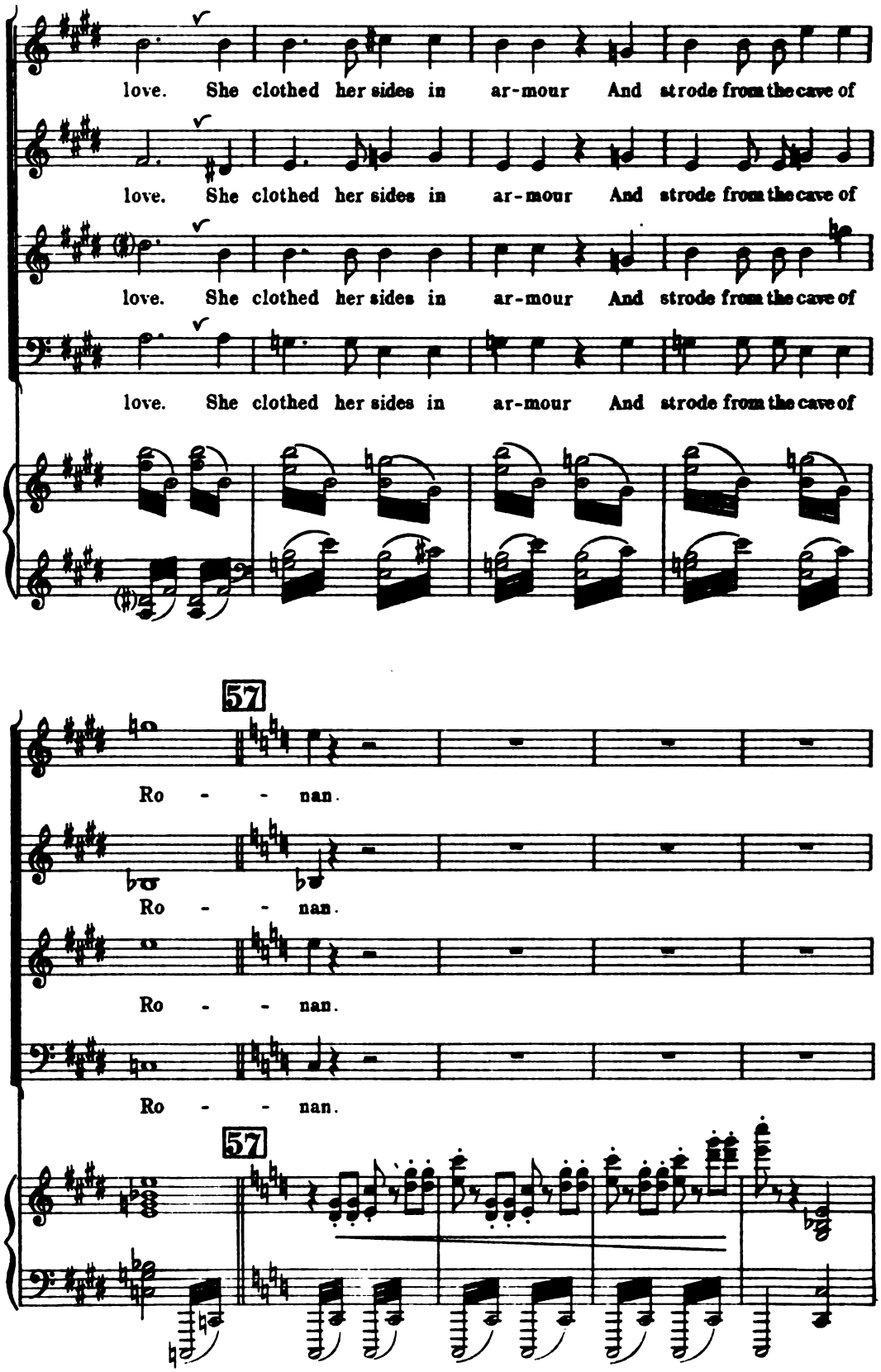
poco calando *a tempo* *p*

haunts the cave of Ro - nan, I will rest among the

colla voce *p*

arms, But re - turn thou soon, my love."


56
He went to the deer of
He went to the deer of
He went to the deer of Mo-ra;
He went to the deer of Mo-ra;
56 Più vivo. (almost ♩ = ♪) 𝅗𝅥=80.
Mo-ra; The daughter of Con-loch would try his
Mo-ra; The daughter of Con-loch would try his
The daughter of Con-loch would try his
The daughter of Con-loch would try his


love. She clothed her sides in ar-mour And strode from the cave of
love. She clothed her sides in ar-mour And strode from the cave of
love. She clothed her sides in ar-mour And strode from the cave of
love. She clothed her sides in ar-mour And strode from the cave of
57
Ro - - nan.
Ro - - nan.
Ro - - nan.
Ro - - nan.
57

He drew his

He drew his

accell.

He thought it was his foe — Darkness dimm'd his eye, — He drew his

accell.

He thought it was his foe — Darkness dimm'd his eye, — He drew his

accell.

bow, — the ar - row flew, — And fair Gal - vi - na fell. —

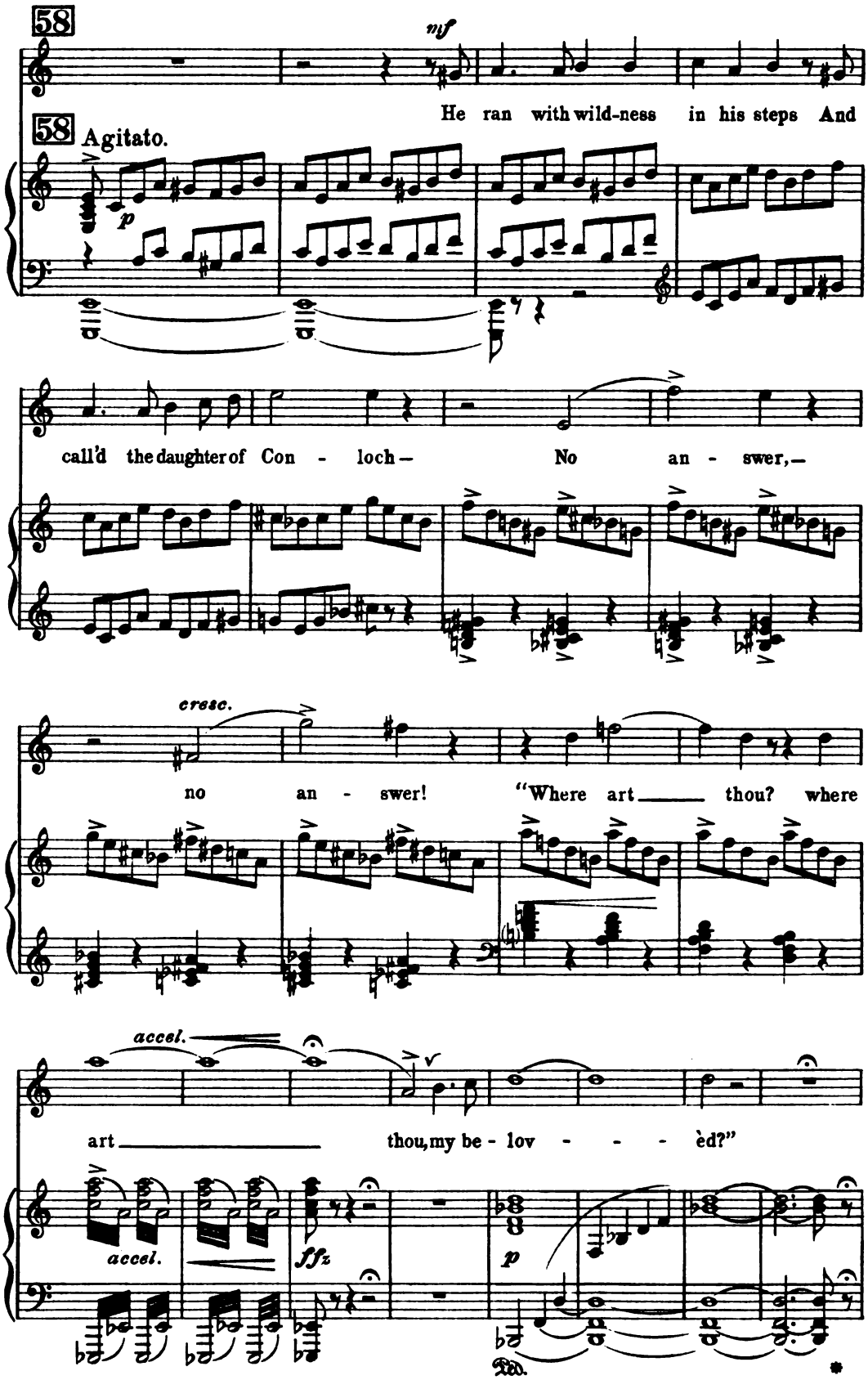
bow, — the ar - row flew, — And fair Gal - vi - na fell. —

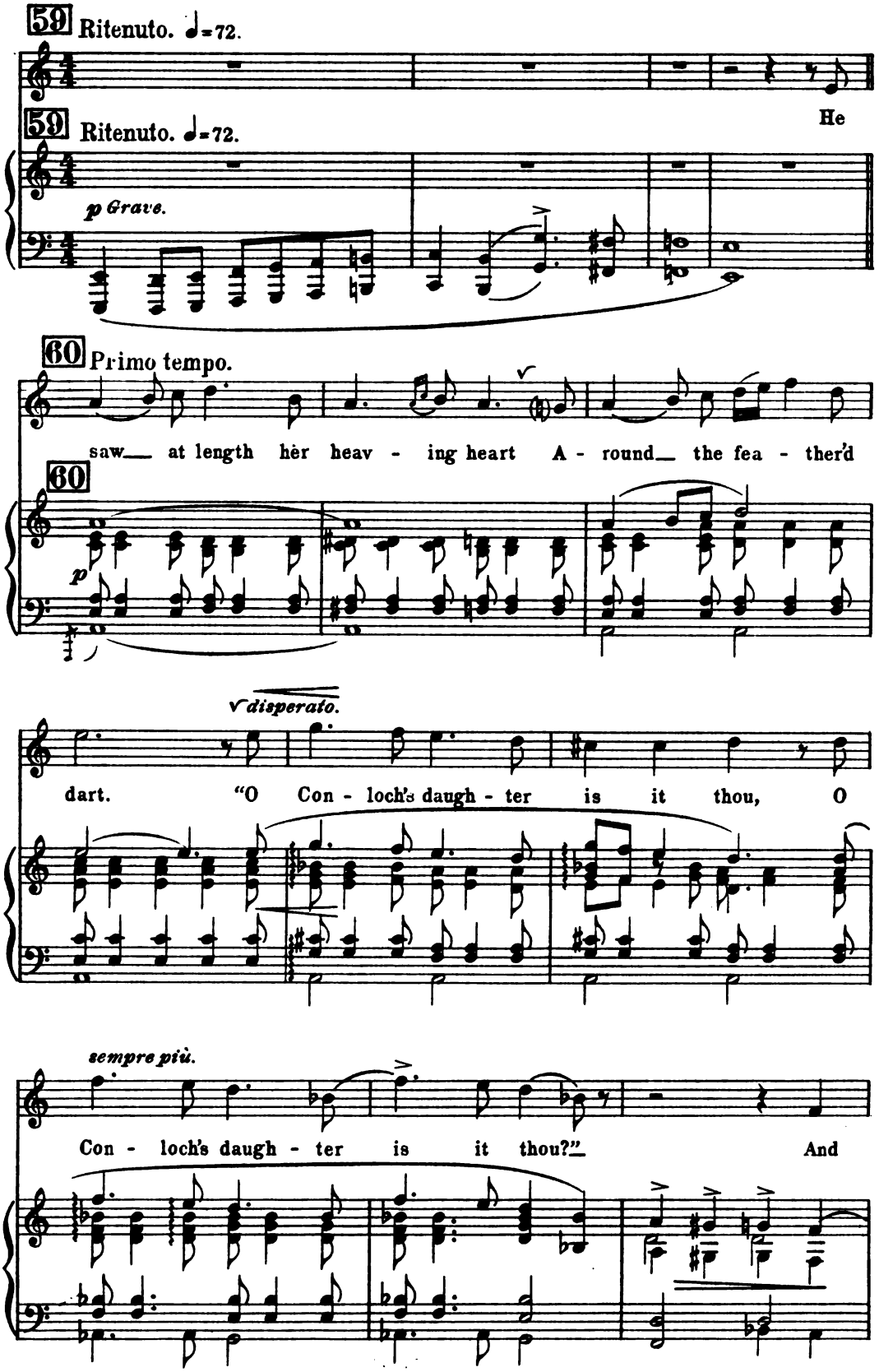
bow, — the ar - row flew, — And fair Gal - vi - na fell. —

bow, — the ar - row flew, — And fair Gal - vi - na fell. —

Rinforzando

sf


58
mf
He ran with wild-ness in his steps And
58 Agitato.
p
call'd the daughter of Con - loch— No an - swer,—
cresc.
no an - swer! "Where art thou? where
accel.
art thou, my be - lov - - - èd?"
accel.
ffz
p


59 Ritenuto. ♩=72.
He
59 Ritenuto. ♩=72.
p Grave.
60 Primo tempo.
saw at length her heav - ing heart A - round the fea - ther'd
60
p
disperato.
dart. "O Con - loch's daugh - ter is it thou, O
sempre più.
Con - loch's daugh - ter is it thou?" And

poco accel.

sank up - on her breast.

poco accel.

pp

61

TENOR. *mf*

He search'd for his death in the

BASS. *mf*

He search'd for his death in the

61

a tempo

p

più cresc

He

But who could kill migh-ty Co - mal?

But who could kill migh-ty Co - mal?

field, But who could kill migh-ty Co - mal?

field, But who could kill migh-ty Co - mal?

più cresc

62

threw a - way his dark brown shield, And an ar - row found

his breast.

'CELLO OBBLIGATO

Solo *dolce.*

L. H.

63

p

poco calando

a tempo

He

63 Come prima. ♩ = 84.

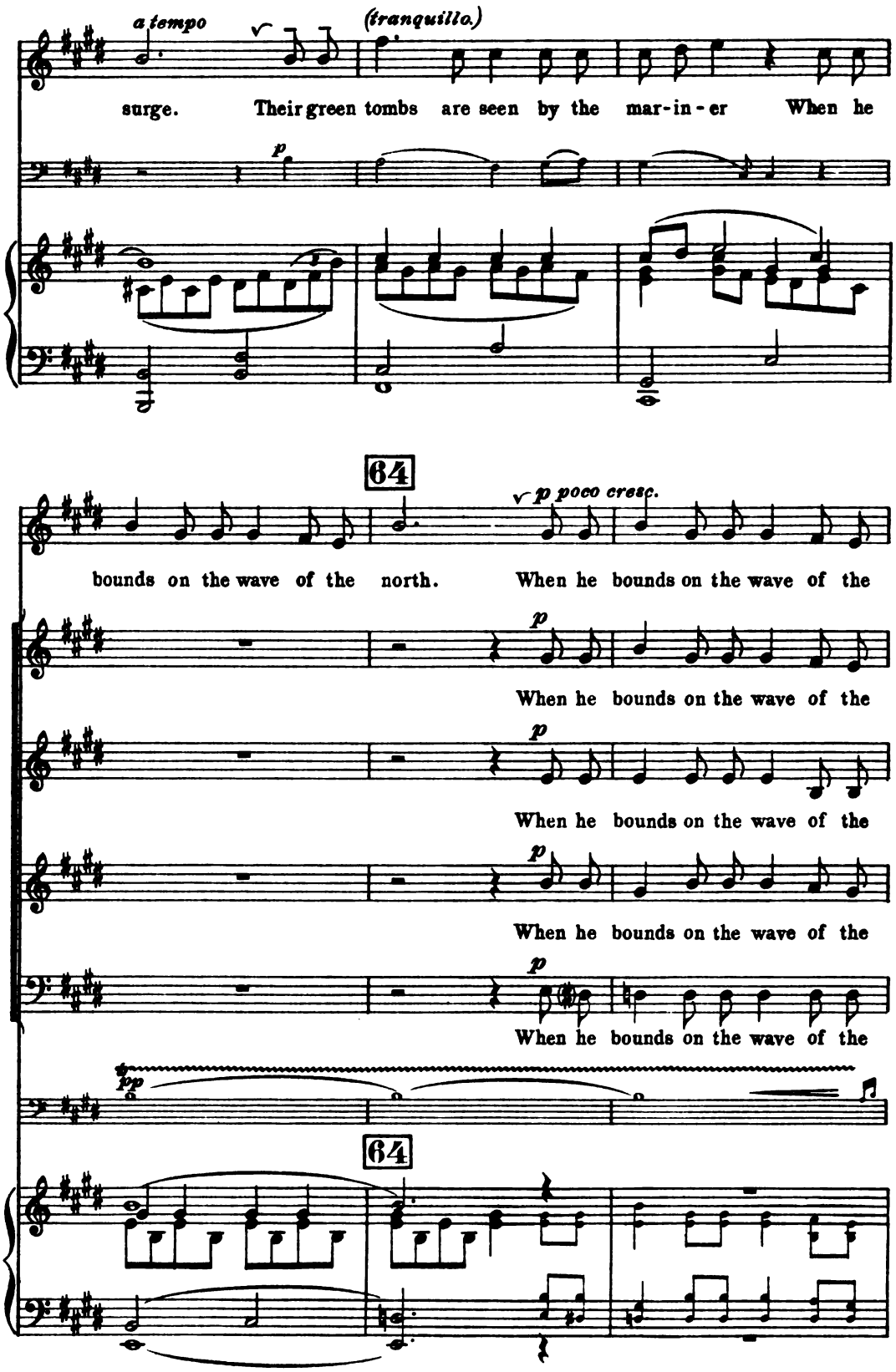
p

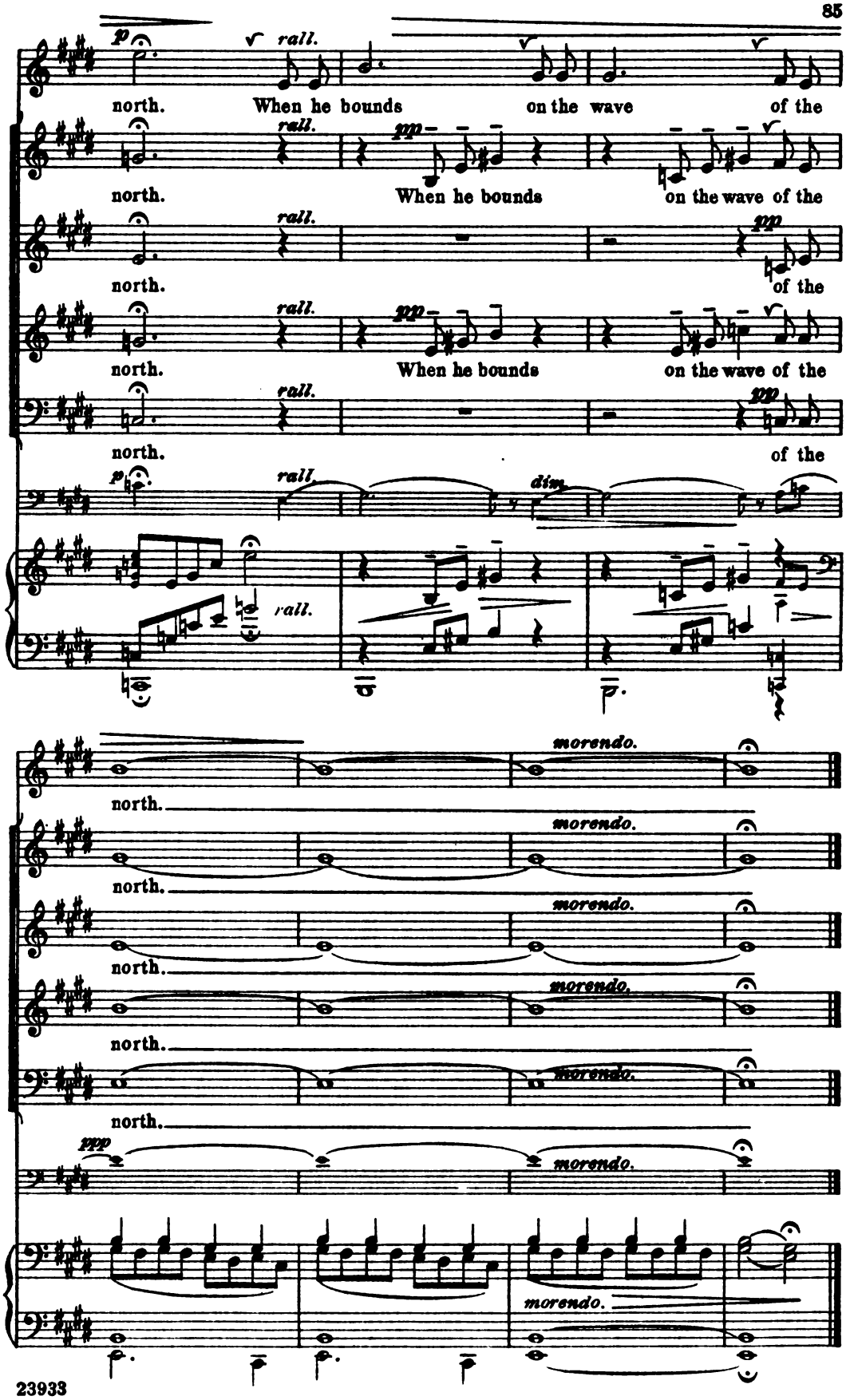
col cello

poco calando

sleeps with his lov'd Gal - vi - na At the noise of the sound - ing

colla voce


a tempo
(tranquillo.)
surge. Their green tombs are seen by the mar-in-er When he
p
64
p poco cresc.
bounds on the wave of the north. When he bounds on the wave of the
p
When he bounds on the wave of the
p
When he bounds on the wave of the
p
When he bounds on the wave of the
p
When he bounds on the wave of the
pp
64

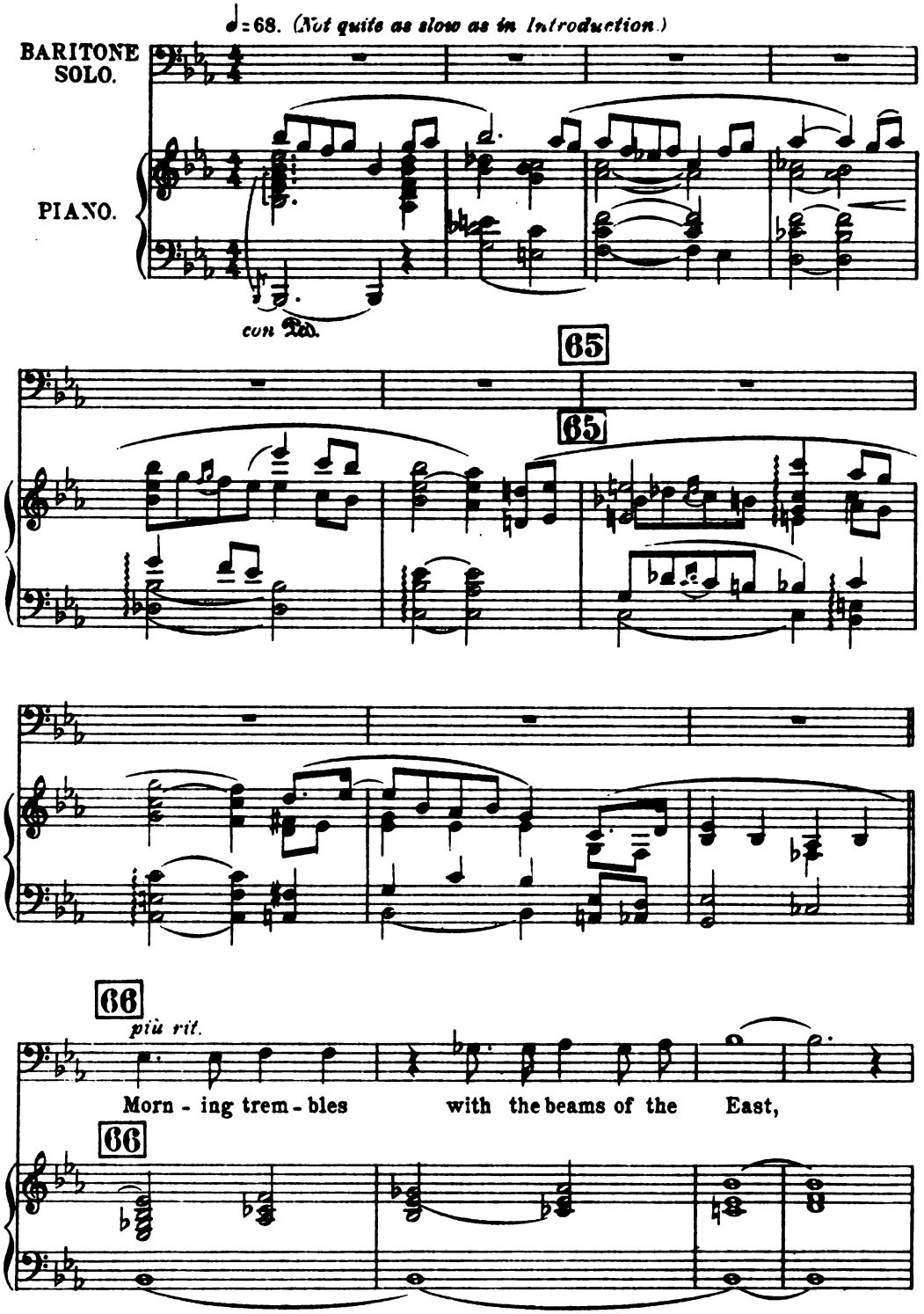

p
rall.
north. When he bounds on the wave of the
rall.
pp
north. When he bounds on the wave of the
rall.
pp
north. of the
rall.
pp
north. When he bounds on the wave of the
rall.
pp
north. of the
p
rall.
dim.
rall.
morendo.
north.
morendo.
north.
morendo.
north.
morendo.
north.
morendo.
north.
ppp
morendo.
morendo.

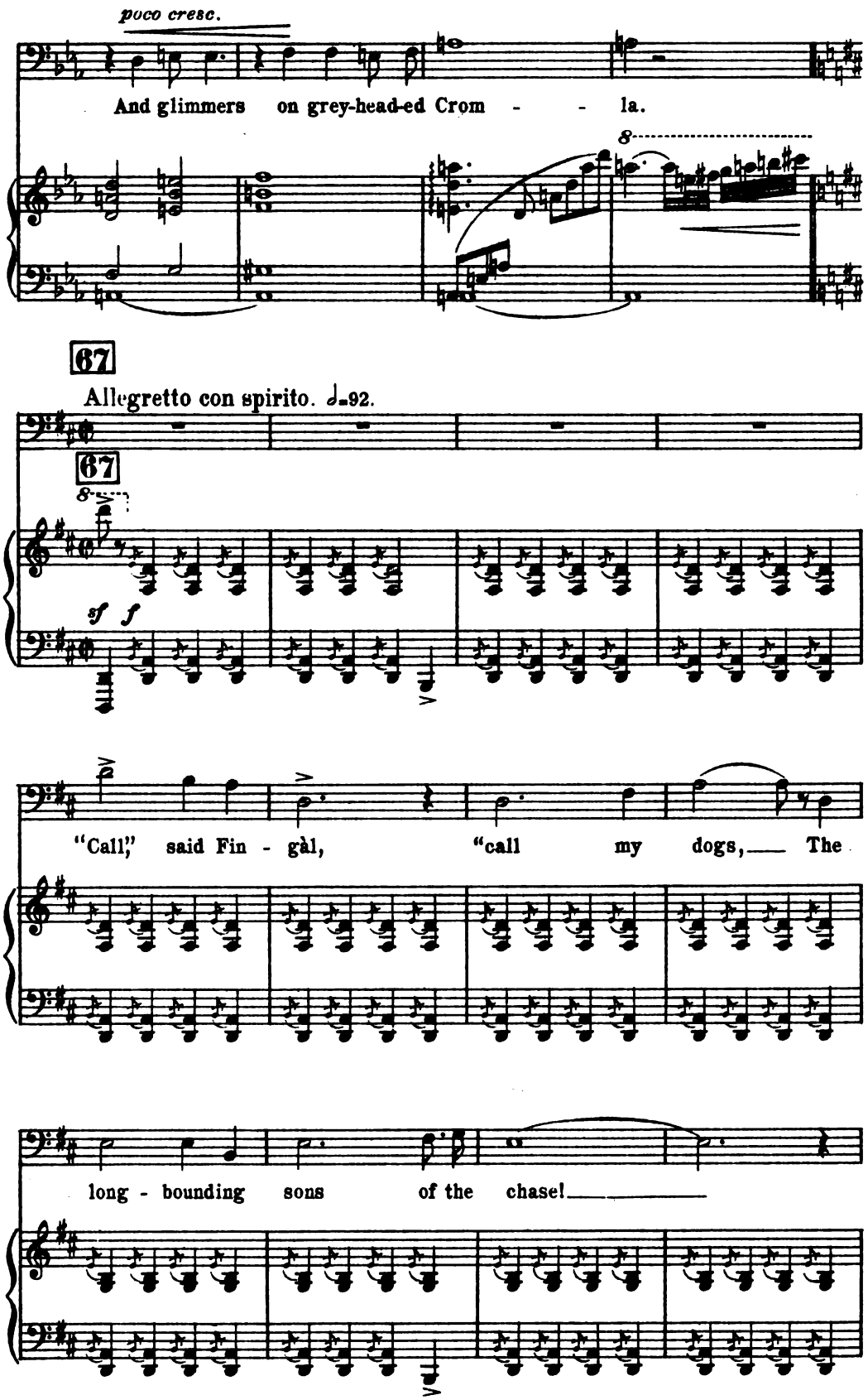
No 5.

EPISODE OF THE CHASE.

(a) BARITONE SOLO.

"MORNING TREMBLES."




poco cresc.
And glimmers on grey-head-ed Crom - - la.
67
Allegretto con spirito. ♩=92.
67
sf f
"Call," said Fin - gàl, "call my dogs, The
long - bounding sons of the chase!

Call white-breasted Bran, And the sur - ly strength of Luath!

Call white-breasted Bran, And the sur - ly strength of Luath!

Fer - gus and Fil - lan, blow my horn That the joy of the chase may a -

p

poco a poco cresc.

-rise, That the deer of Crom - la may hear And

poco a poco cresc.

68

start at the lake of roes."

68

mp

The sound spreads to the wood;

subito p

nf

The sons of hea - thy Crom - la rise.

mf

A thou-sand dogs fly off at once

Bound-ing through the heath.

69

69

cresc.

f

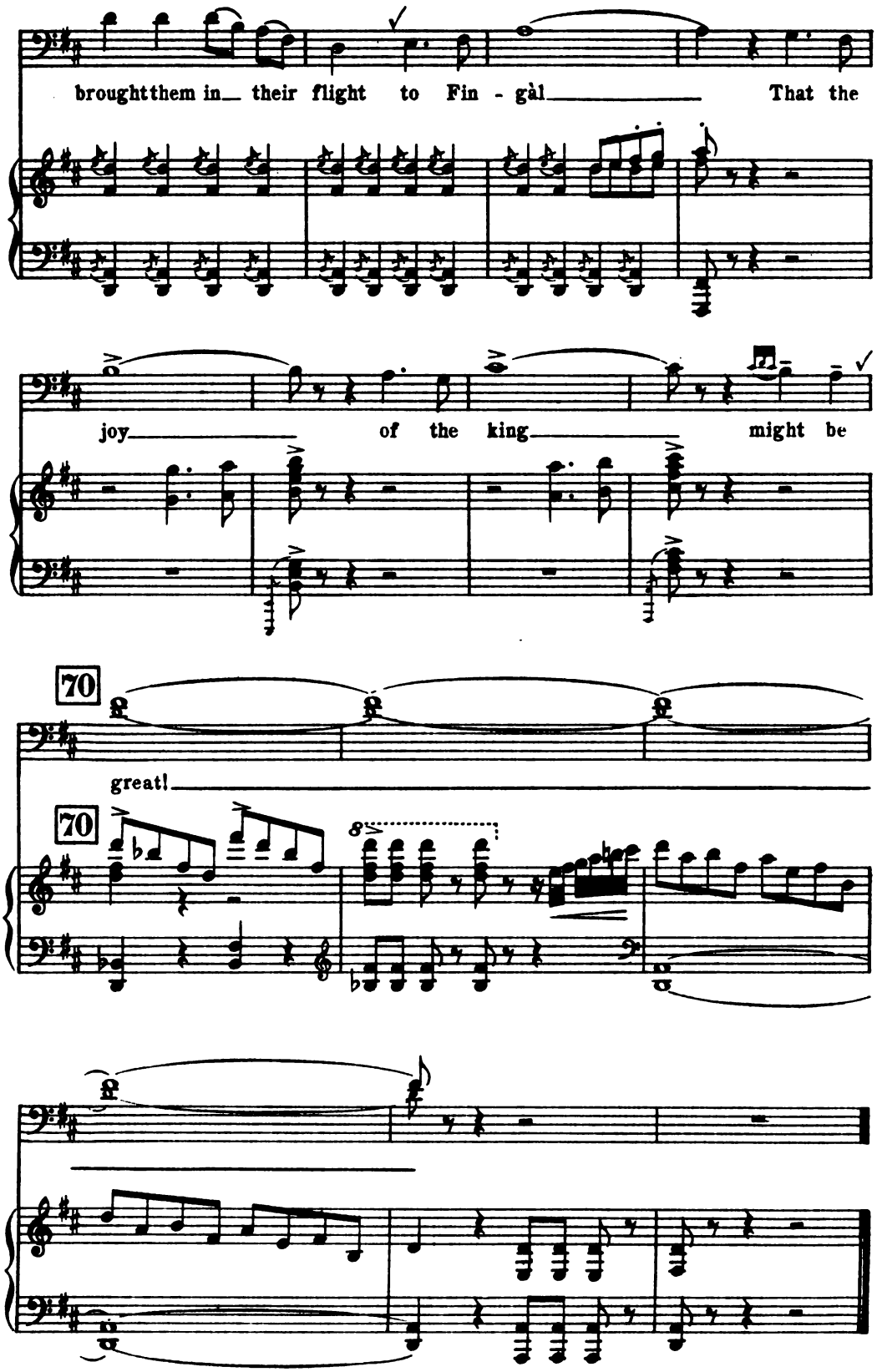
A deer fell by ev - 'ry

sempre cresc.

f

mf

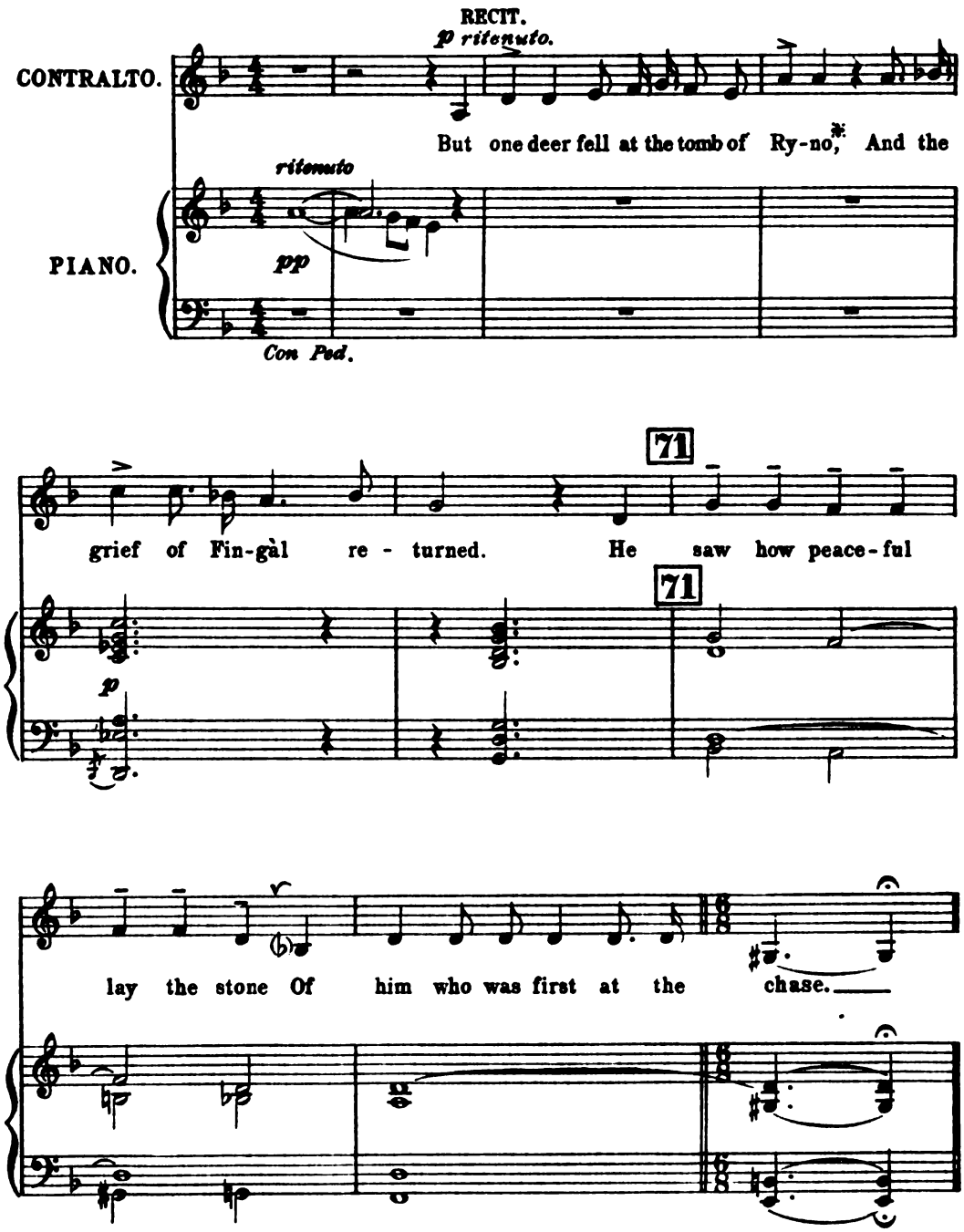
dog, And three by white-breasted Bran. He


brought them in their flight to Fin - gàl That the
joy of the king might be
70
great!
70

(b)

RECIT CONTRALTO.

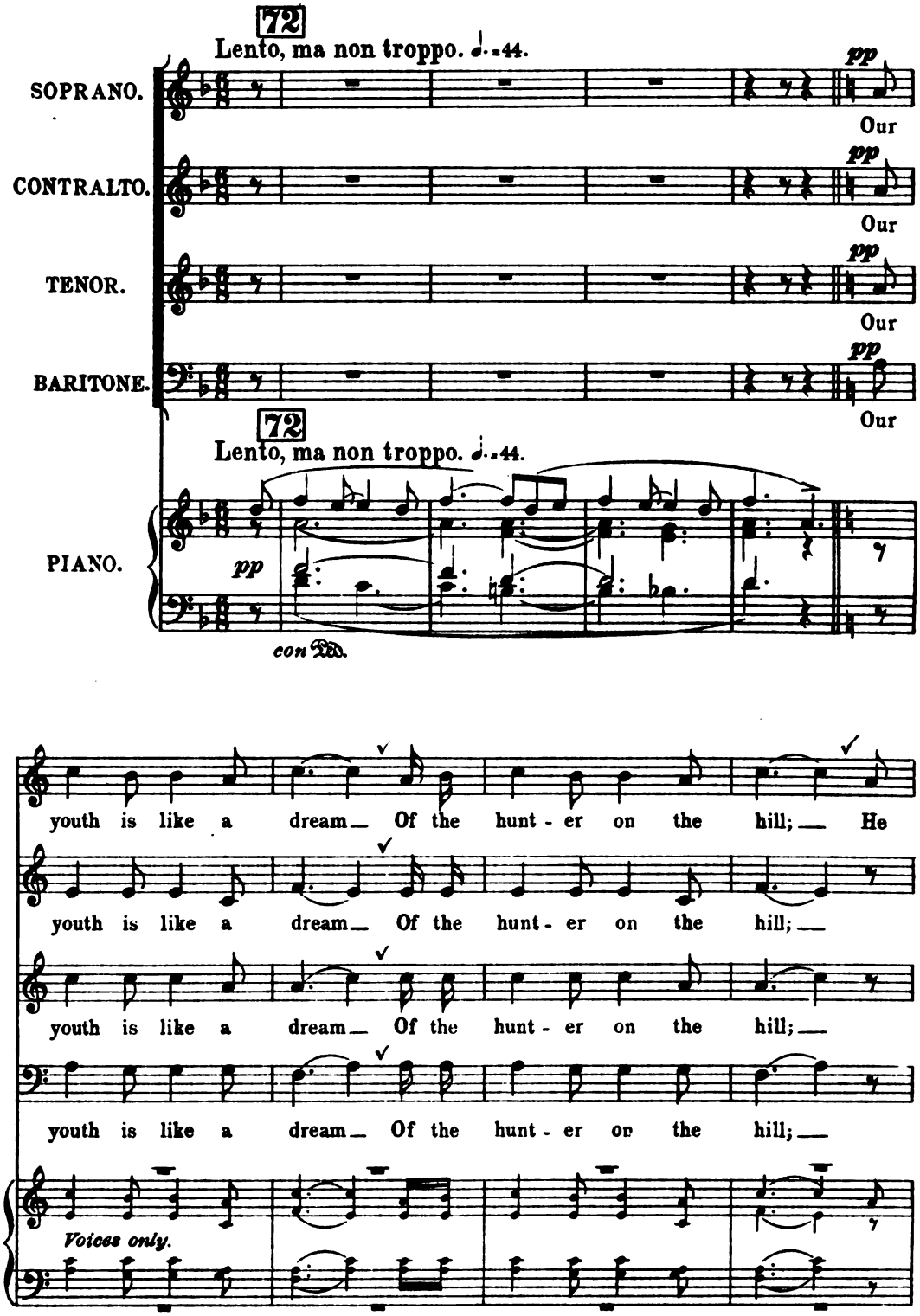
"BUT ONE DEER FELL AT THE TOMB OF RYNO."



* Fingàl's son.

QUARTET.

"OUR YOUTH IS LIKE A DREAM."



sleeps in the beams of the sun, And a - wakes in the midst of a

He sleeps in the beams of the sun, And a - wakes in the midst of a

He sleeps in the beams of the sun, And a - wakes in the midst of a

He sleeps in the beams of the sun, And a - wakes in the midst of a

73

storm.

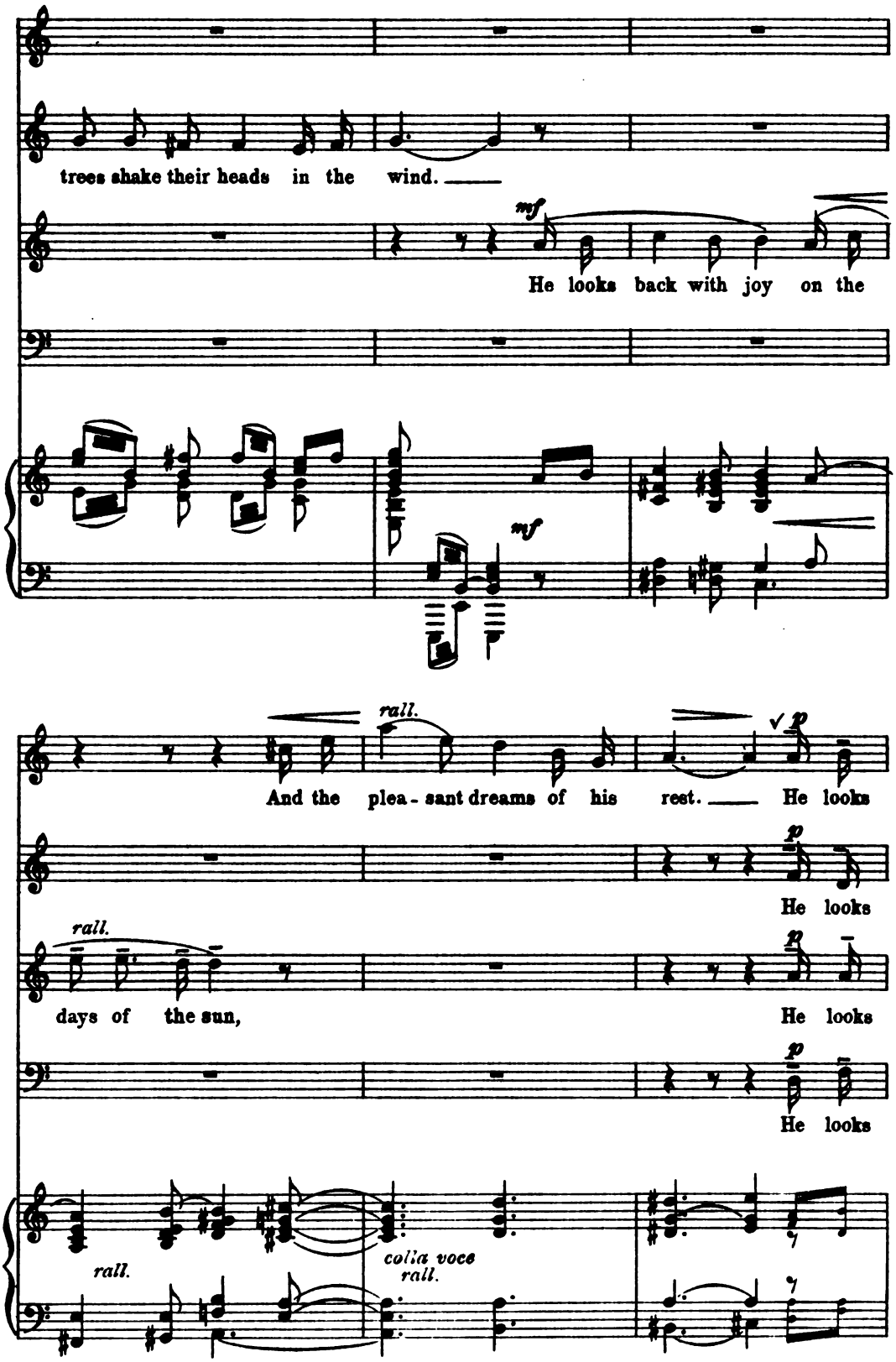
storm. And the

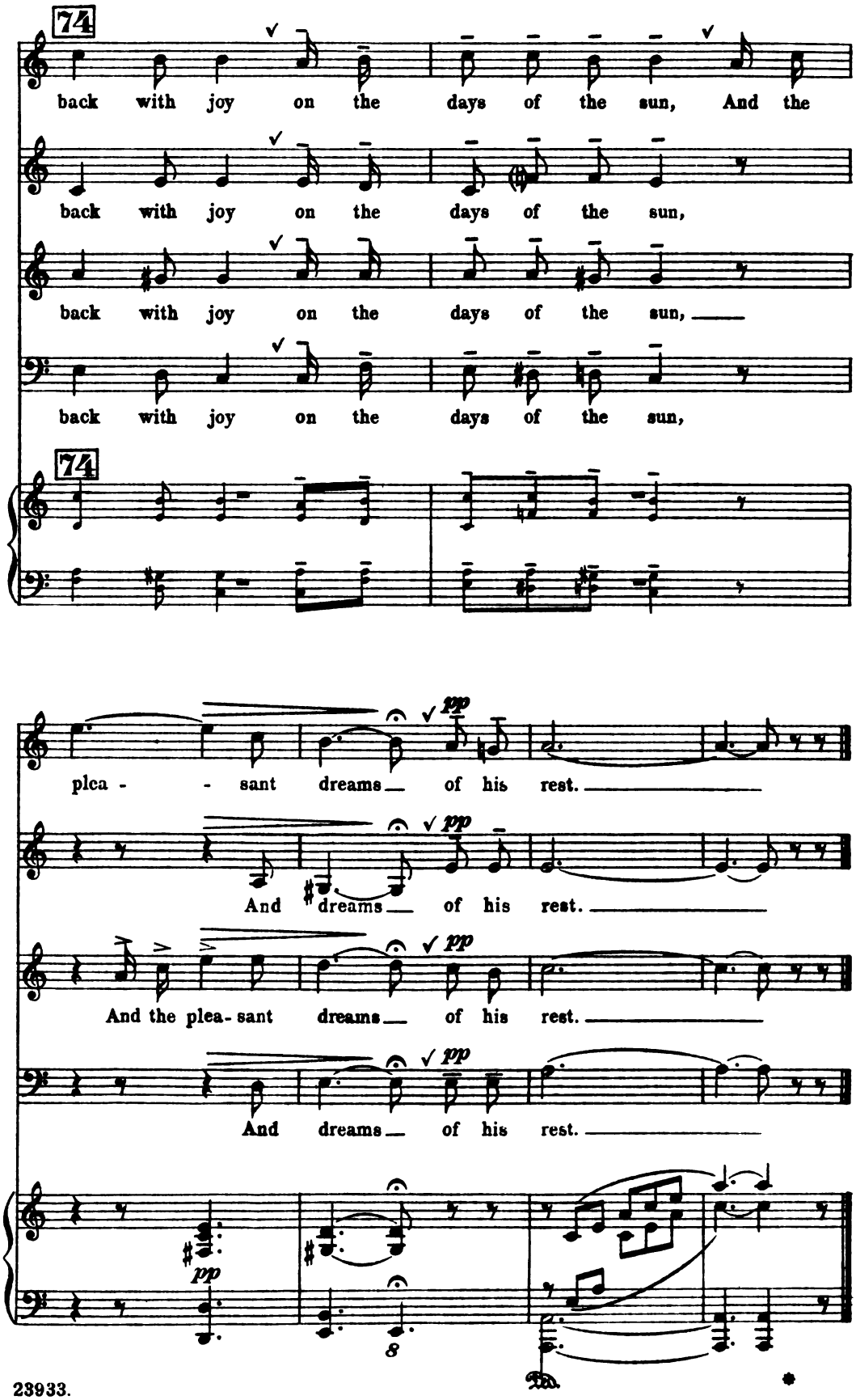
storm.

storm. The red light - ning flies a - round,

73

mf


trees shake their heads in the wind.
mf
He looks back with joy on the
mf
rall.
And the plea - sant dreams of his rest.
p
He looks
p
He looks
rall.
days of the sun,
p
He looks
p
He looks
rall.
colla voce
rall.


74
back with joy on the days of the sun, And the
back with joy on the days of the sun,
back with joy on the days of the sun,
back with joy on the days of the sun,
74
plea - - sant dreams of his rest.
pp
And dreams of his rest.
pp
And the plea- sant dreams of his rest.
pp
And dreams of his rest.
pp
pp
8

Nº 6.

TENOR SOLO.

"CUCHULLIN'S LOVE-SONG".

(Upon the death of Artho, supreme King of Ireland, Cuchullin was sent by Fingàl to administer the affairs of that kingdom during the minority of Artho's son. He left his wife, Bragéla, daughter of Sor--glan, in Dunscaich the seat of the family in the Isle of Skye, where the remains of his Palace is still shown.)

Moderato piùtosto mosso. ♩ = 126

TENOR SOLO.

PIANO.

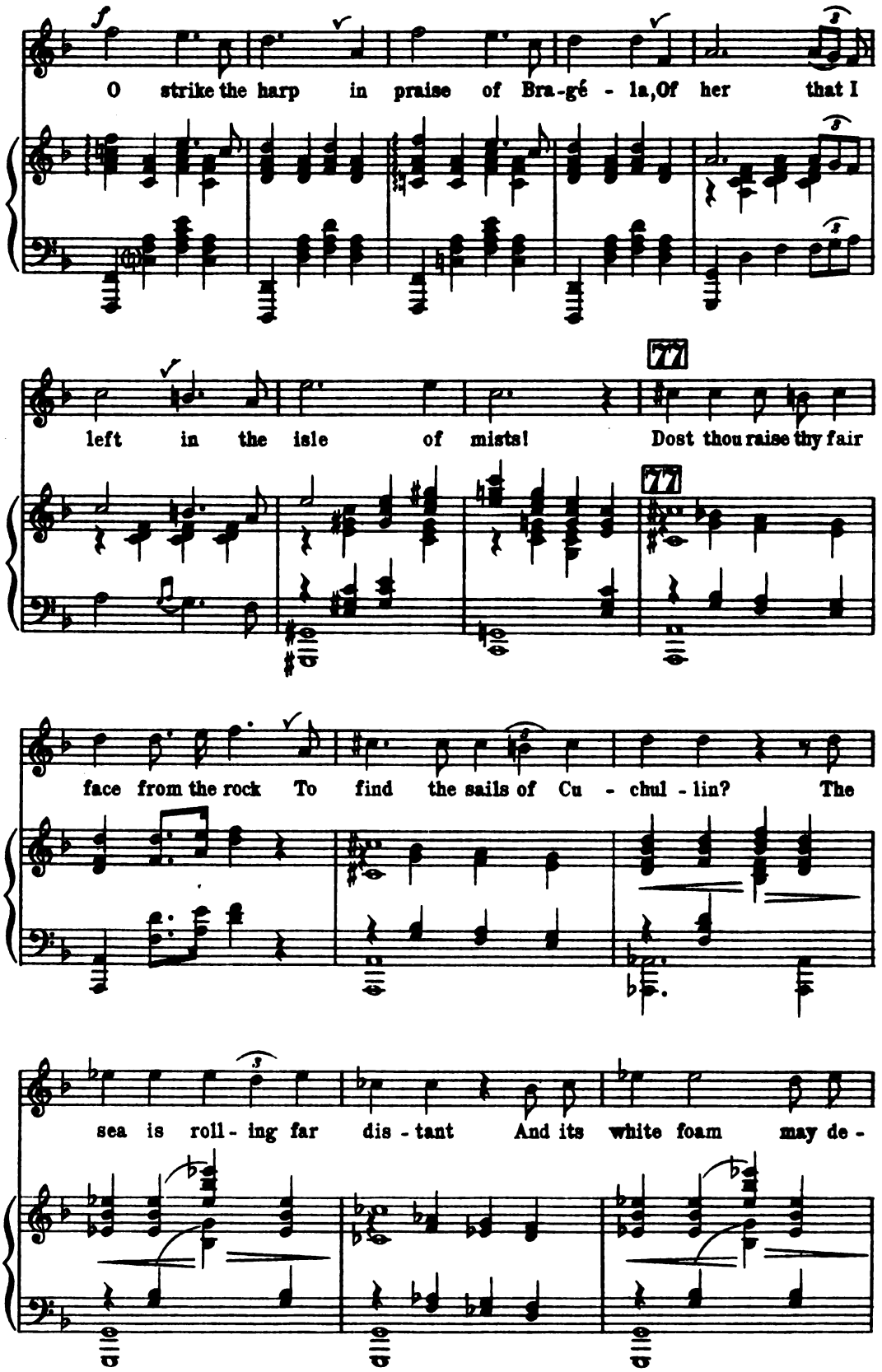
75

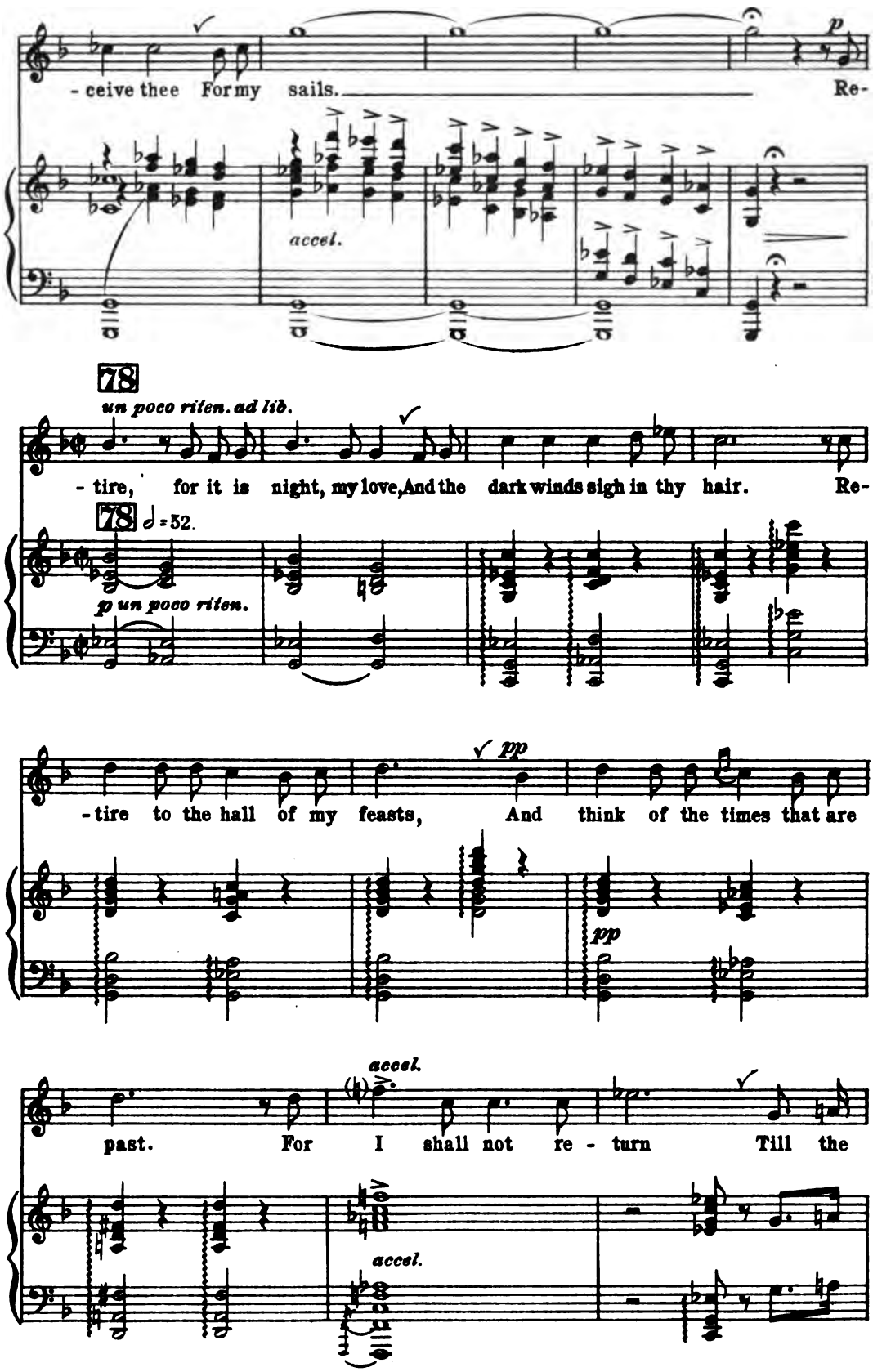
76

O strike the harp in praise of my

cresc.

love, The lone - ly sun-beam of Duns - caich!


O strike the harp in praise of Bra-gé - la, Of her that I
left in the isle of mists! Dost thou raise thy fair
77
77
face from the rock To find the sails of Cu - chul - lin? The
sea is roll - ing far dis - tant And its white foam may de -


- ceive thee For my sails. Re-
p
accel.
78
un poco riten. ad lib.
- tire, for it is night, my love, And the dark winds sigh in thy hair. Re-
78 ♩=52.
p un poco riten.
pp
- tire to the hall of my feasts, And think of the times that are
pp
accel.
past. For I shall not re - turn Till the
accel.

79

cresc *sempre cresc.*

storm of war is ceas'd, till the storm of war is ceas'd.

79

cresc

Più allargato di prima.

p

O strike the harp in praise of my love, The

colla voce

p

cresc.

lone - ly sun-beam of Duns - caich! O strike the

poco allarg.
cresc.

harp in praise of Bra-gé - la, Of her that I left in the

80

mf a tempo

isle of mists! O Con-nal, speak of war— and arms And

80

mf

send her from my mind, For love - - ly with her

mp

cresc.

ra - ven hair, Is the white-bo-som'd daugh-ter of Sor - -

81

81

colla voce

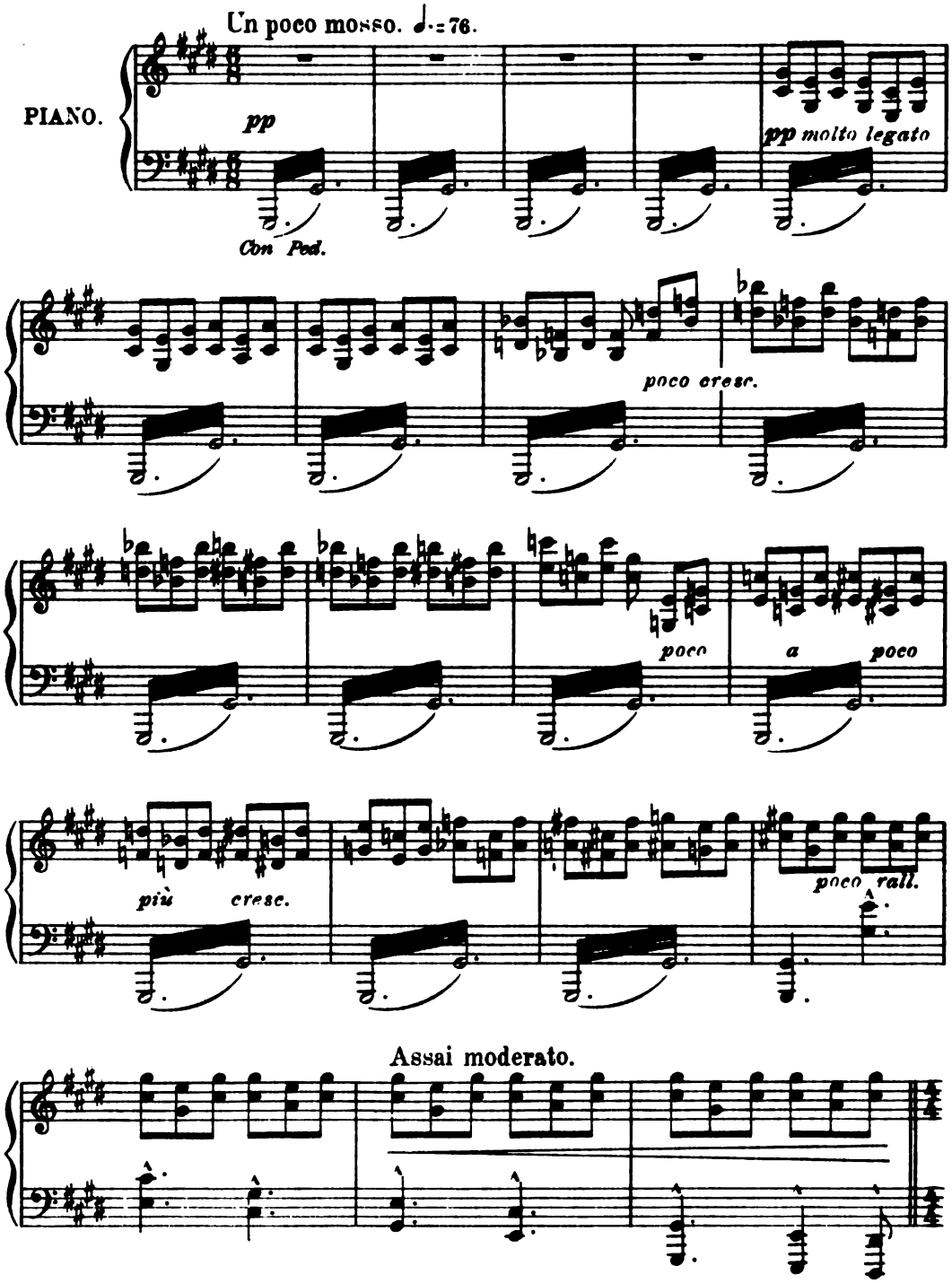
- glan!

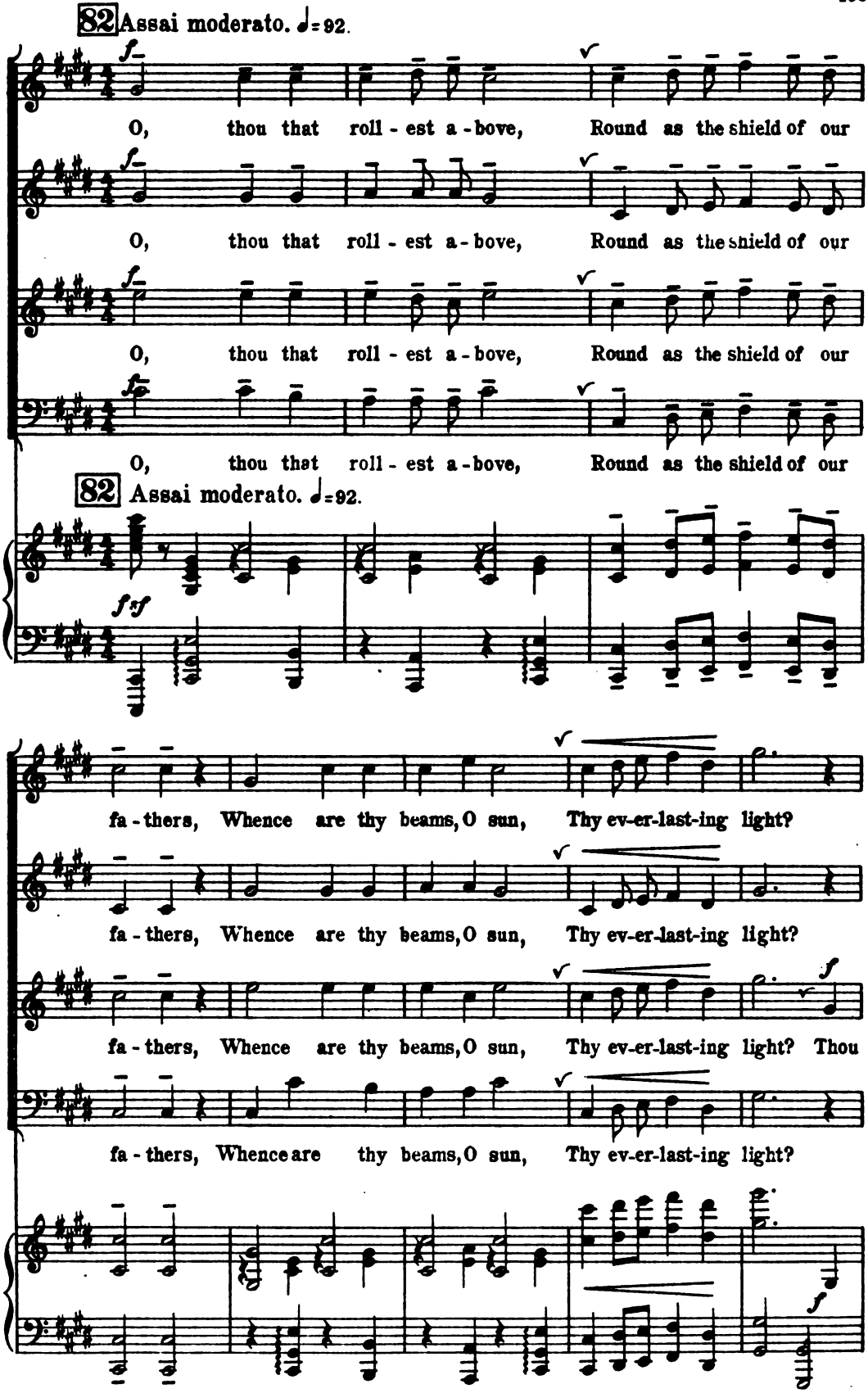
a tempo

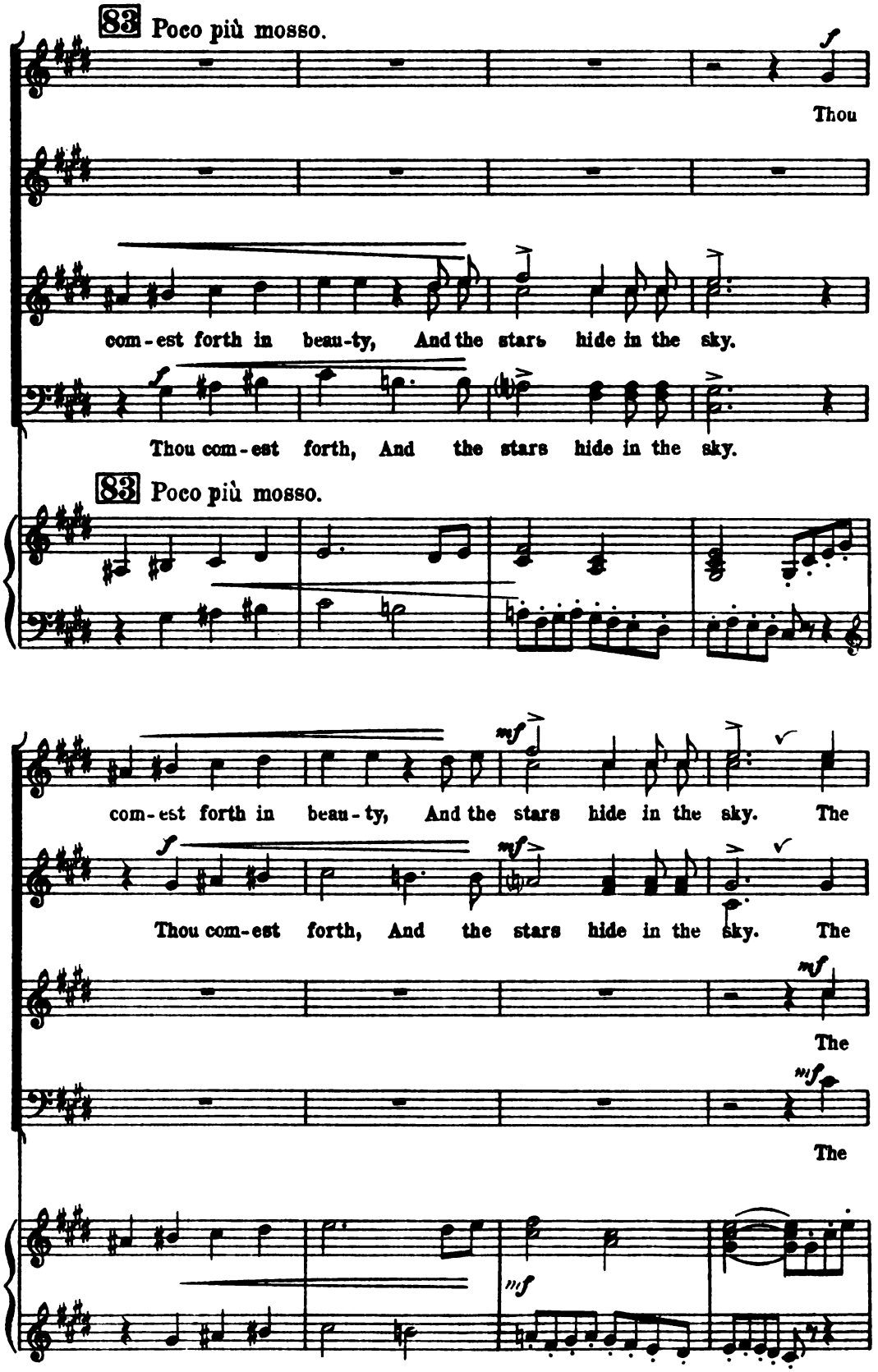
No. 7.

CHORUS.

"ODE TO THE SUN."




82 Assai moderato. ♩=92.
f
O, thou that roll - est a - bove, Round as the shield of our
O, thou that roll - est a - bove, Round as the shield of our
O, thou that roll - est a - bove, Round as the shield of our
O, thou that roll - est a - bove, Round as the shield of our
82 Assai moderato. ♩=92.
ff
fa - thers, Whence are thy beams, O sun, Thy ev-er-last-ing light?
fa - thers, Whence are thy beams, O sun, Thy ev-er-last-ing light?
fa - thers, Whence are thy beams, O sun, Thy ev-er-last-ing light? Thou
fa - thers, Whence are thy beams, O sun, Thy ev-er-last-ing light?


83 Poco più mosso.
Thou
com-est forth in beau-ty, And the stars hide in the sky.
Thou com-est forth, And the stars hide in the sky.
83 Poco più mosso.
com-est forth in beau-ty, And the stars hide in the sky. The
Thou com-est forth, And the stars hide in the sky. The
The
The

moon, cold and pale Sinks in the West-ern wave. The

moon, cold and pale Sinks in the West-ern wave. The

moon, cold and pale Sinks in the West - ern

moon, cold and pale Sinks in the West - ern

84 *a tempo*

f

oaks of the moun-tains fall, The moun-tains them-selves de -

f

oaks of the moun-tains fall, The moun-tains them-selves de -

f

wave. The oaks of the moun-tains fall The

f

wave. The oaks of the moun-tains fall The

84

f a tempo

- cay. The o-cean shrinks and grows a-gain, But thou art for

- cay. The o-cean shrinks and grows a-gain, But thou art for

moun-tains de-cay. The o-cean shrinks and grows a-gain, But thou art for

moun-tains de-cay. The o-cean shrinks and grows a-gain, But thou art for

85

Poco più mosso.

ev - er the same!

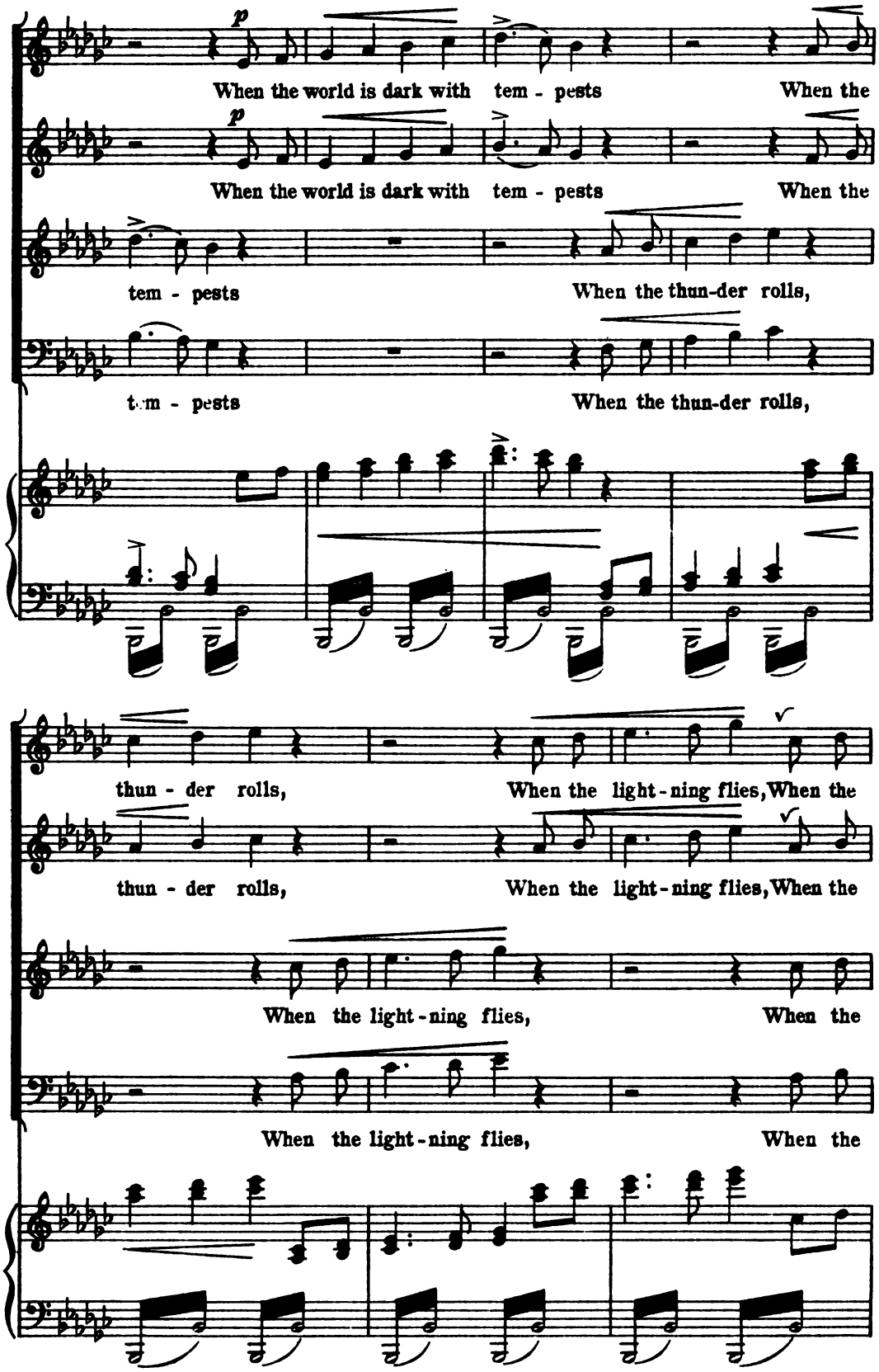
ev - er the same!

ev - er the same! When the world is dark with

ev - er the same! When the world is dark with

85

Poco più mosso.


p
When the world is dark with tem - pests When the
p
When the world is dark with tem - pests When the
tem - pests When the thun-der rolls,
tem - pests When the thun-der rolls,
thun - der rolls, When the light - ning flies, When the
thun - der rolls, When the light - ning flies, When the
When the light - ning flies, When the
When the light - ning flies, When the

thun-der rolls and the light-'ning flies

thun-der rolls and the light-'ning flies

thun-der rolls and the light-'ning flies

thun-der rolls and the light-'ning flies

86 Primo tempo.

ff Maestoso. ♩=92.

Thou look-est forth in thy beau-ty, O sun!

Thou look-est forth in thy beau-ty, O sun!

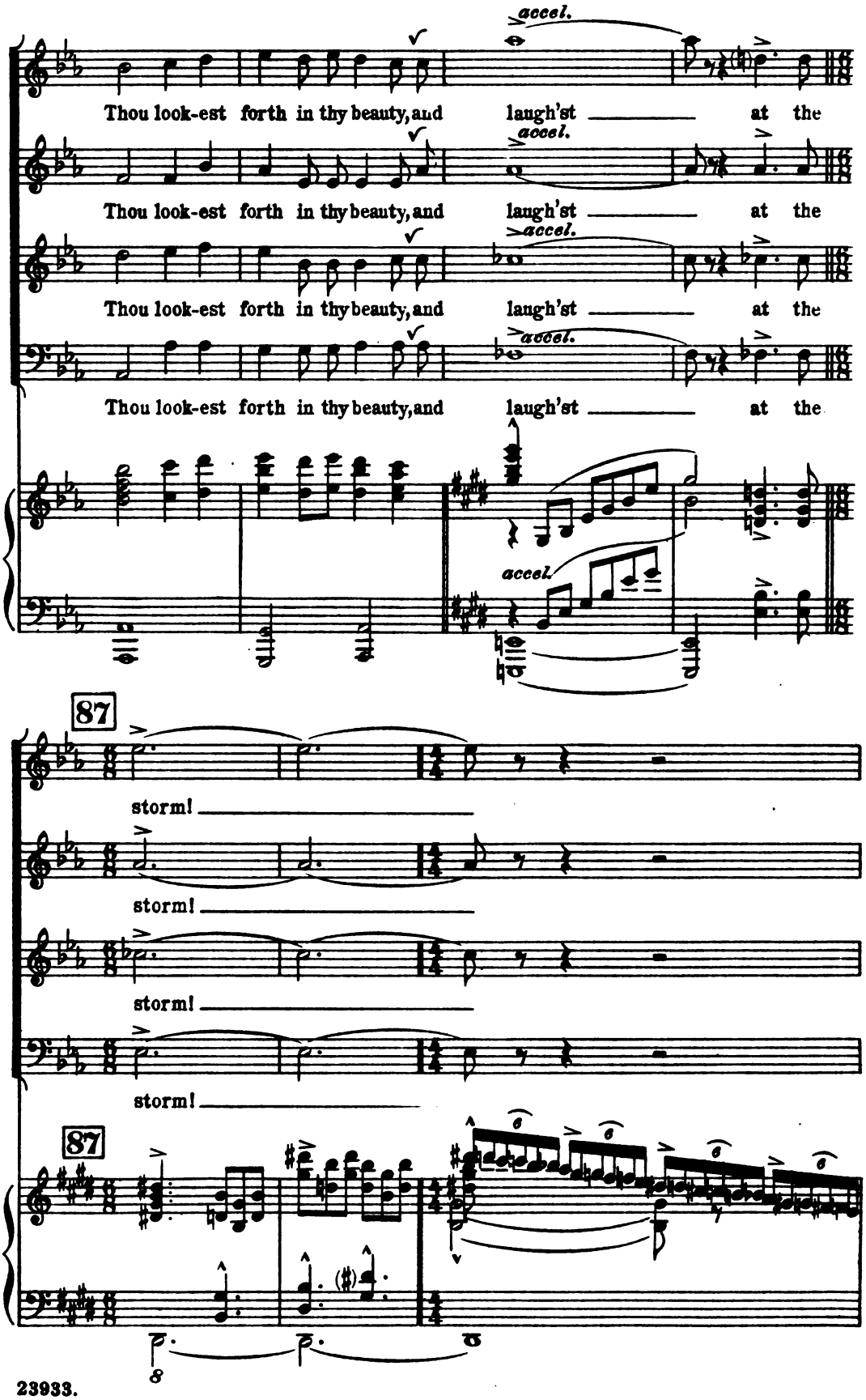
Thou look-est forth in thy beau-ty, O sun!

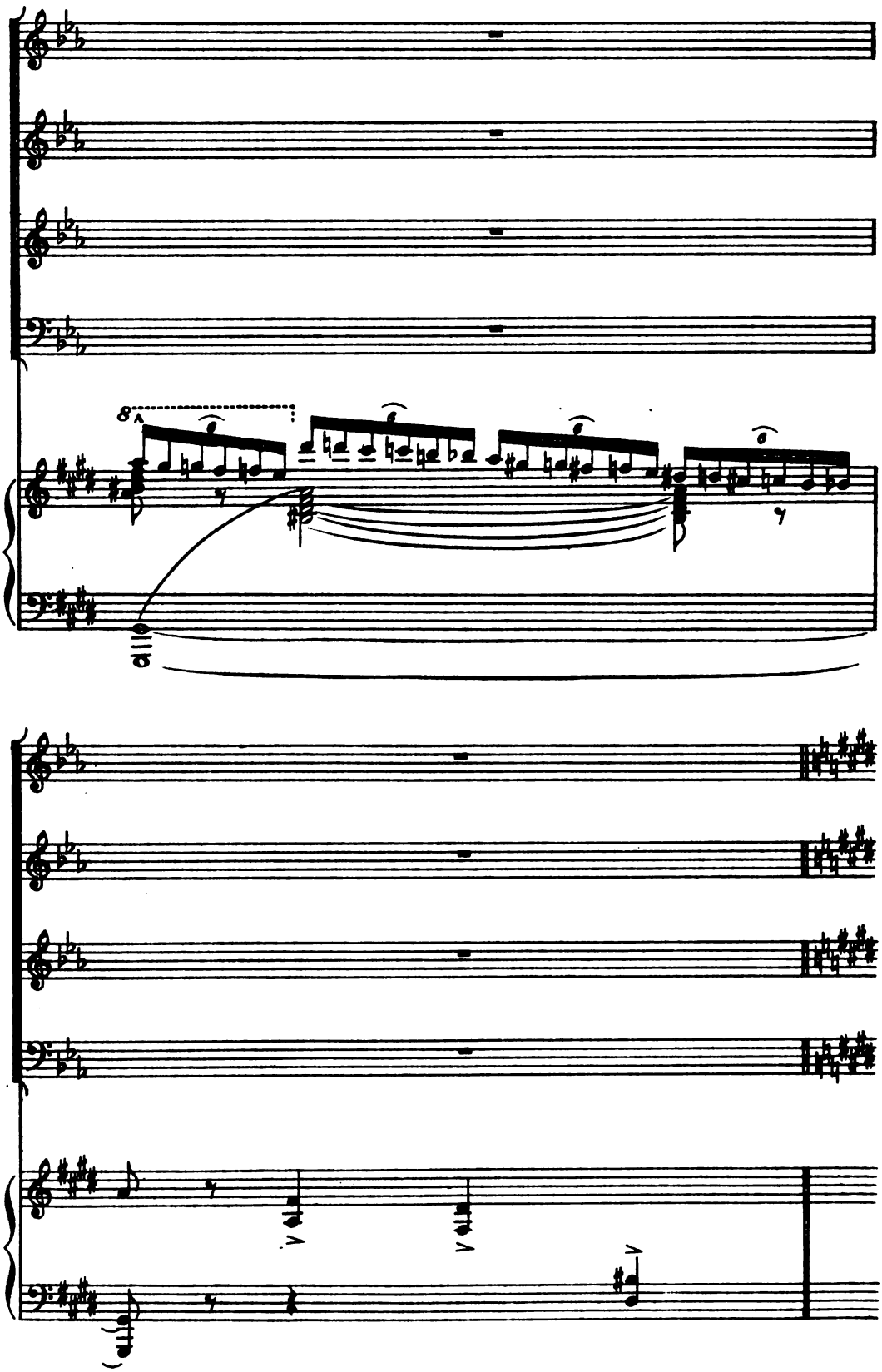
Thou look-est forth in thy beau-ty, O sun!

86 Primo tempo.

Maestoso. ♩=92.

ff


accel.
Thou look-est forth in thy beauty, and laugh'st at the
accel.
Thou look-est forth in thy beauty, and laugh'st at the
accel.
Thou look-est forth in thy beauty, and laugh'st at the
accel.
Thou look-est forth in thy beauty, and laugh'st at the
accel.
87
storm!
storm!
storm!
storm!
87


8

88 Più largamente di prima-grandioso. ♩=76.

f

O, thou that roll-est a-bove, Round as the shield of our

O, thou that roll-est a-bove, Round as the shield of our

O, thou that roll-est a-bove, Round as the shield of our

O, thou that roll-est a-bove, Round as the shield of our

88 Più largamente di prima-grandioso. ♩=76.

f

cresc.

fa-thers, Whence are thy beams, O sun, Thy ev-er-last-ing light? The

cresc.

fa-thers, Whence are thy beams, O sun, Thy ev-er-last-ing light? The

cresc.

fa-thers, Whence are thy beams, O sun, Thy ev-er-last-ing light?

cresc.

fa-thers, Whence are thy beams, O sun, Thy ev-er-last-ing light?

cresc.

89

sempre f

oaks of the mountains fall, The mountains themselves de -

sempre f

oaks of the mountains fall, The mountains themselves de -

sempre f

The oaks of the mountains fall, The

sempre f

The oaks of the mountains fall, The

89

sempre f

90

- cay. But thou art for ev - er, for

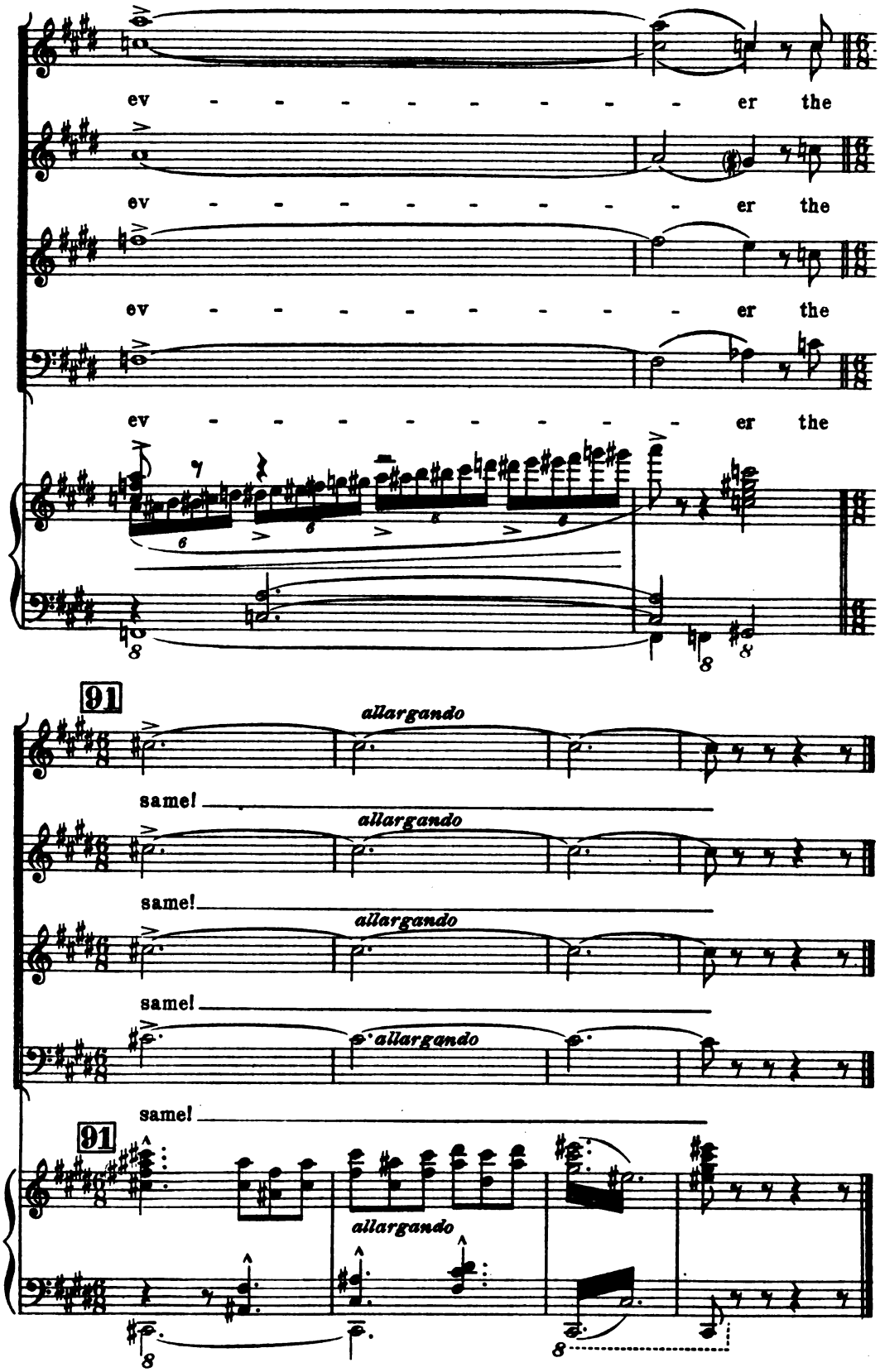
- cay. But thou art for ev - er, for

moun-tains de-cay, But thou art for ev - er, for

moun-tains de-cay, But thou art for ev - er, for

90

ff


ev - - - - - - - - - er the
ev - - - - - - - - - er the
ev - - - - - - - - - er the
ev - - - - - - - - - er the
91
allargando
same!
allargando
same!
allargando
same!
allargando
same!
91
allargando

No. 8.

SHILRIC & VINVÉLA. (A Fragment.)

(CONTRALTO & TENOR.)

Moderato. ♩ = 120.

VINVÉLA. (as if singing to herself, quite robustly and gaily.)

CONTRALTO. *mf* My

TENOR.

Moderato. ♩ = 120.

PIANO. *mf* *Con Ped.*

92 love is a son_ of the hill, He pur - sues the fly - ing

92

dcer, His grey dogs are pant - ing a - round him, His

bowstring sounds in the wood. Ah! Ah!

93

SHILRIC'S GHOST. (very quietly, as from a distance)

pp

I

93 Tranquillo assai.

pp

sit by the mos-sy foun-tain, On top of the hill of winds. The

lake is troub-led be - low, The deer descend from the hill.

sempre pp

Ah! Ah!

rall.

Primo tempo.

94

VINVÉLA (As before and quite unconscious of the distant voice.)

f

"What de-tains the hunt-er of Co-na? Has the

Primo tempo.

94

f

cresc.

deer been dis-tant far? Come from the e-cho-ing hills!

Come, O my best be - lov - èd Ah! Ah!

95

ppp

"By the mos-sy foun-tain I sit, On

95

ppp

top of the hill of winds. When mid-day is si - lent a-

- round, Con - verse, O my love, with me. Come on the wings of the

gale, On the blast of the moun - tain come! Let me

* The distinction made by the ancient Scots between good and evil spirits was, that they believed the former were permitted to appear even in daylight, but the latter only by night.

hear thy voice as thou pass-est When mid-day is si-lent a-

96

ppp

-round." Ah! Ah!

96

lunga morendo

Nº 9.

SCENE OF OSSIAN'S DEATH.

(a) SOLO SOPRANO & MALE CHORUS.

"STAR OF DESCENDING NIGHT."

Moderato tranquillo. ♩=120.

PIANO.

mf p pp

97 Assai sostenuto. ♩=66.

SOPRANO SOLO.

98 Andante cantabile.

dolce.

Star of de-scend - ing night!

Fair is thy light in the west! Thou

lift - est thine un - shorn head from the cloud; Thy

L.H.

99

steps on the hill are state - ly.

99

100 Poco più mosso. (♩=72.)

mp

What dost thou be - hold in the plain? The

100 Poco più mosso. (♩=72.)

mp

molto sostenuto

storm - y winds are laid. The

101

(♩. = ♩)

poco calando *p*

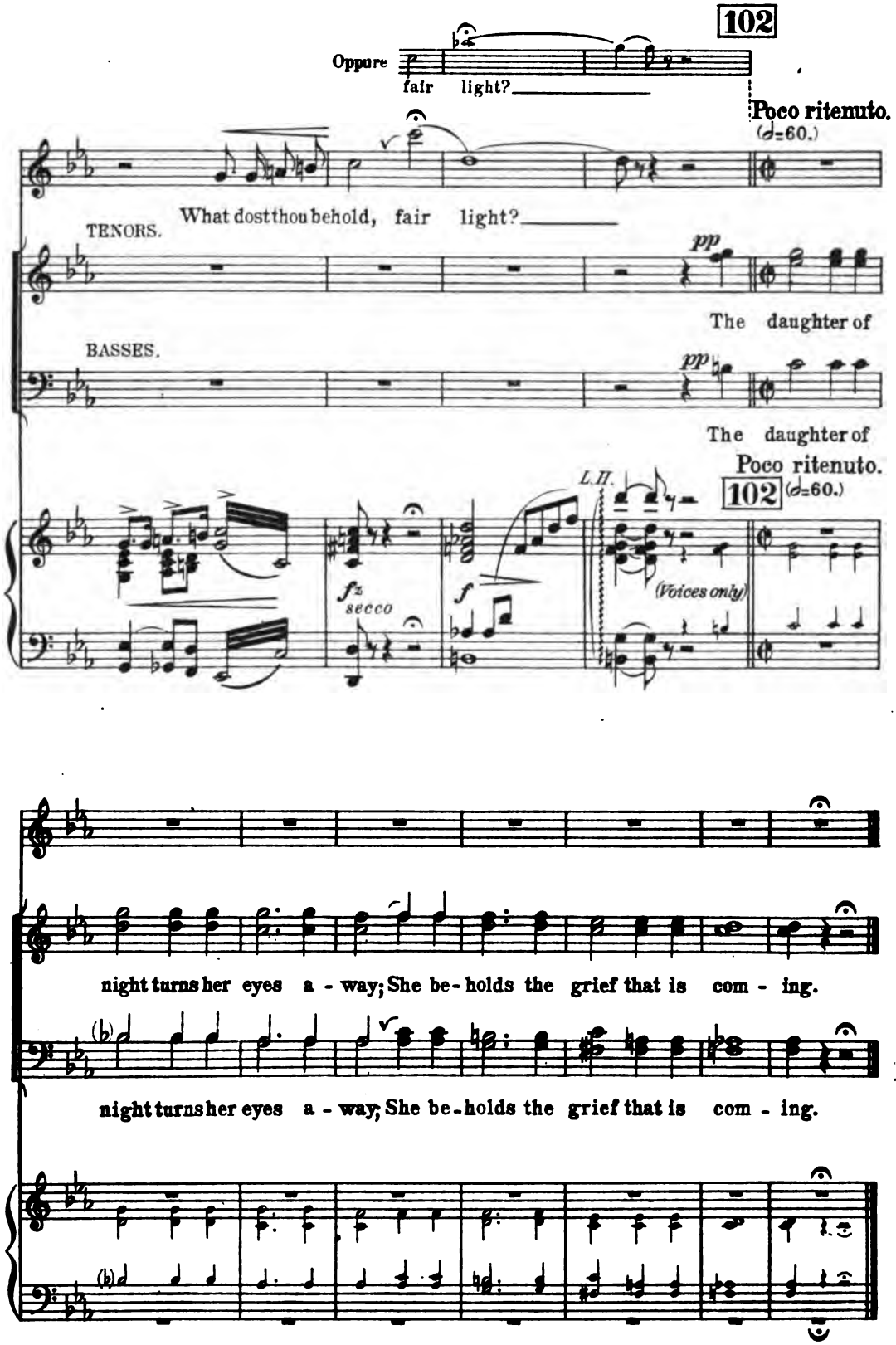
flies of ev-ning are on their feeble wings, And their hum is o - ver the field.

101

(♩. = ♩)

p

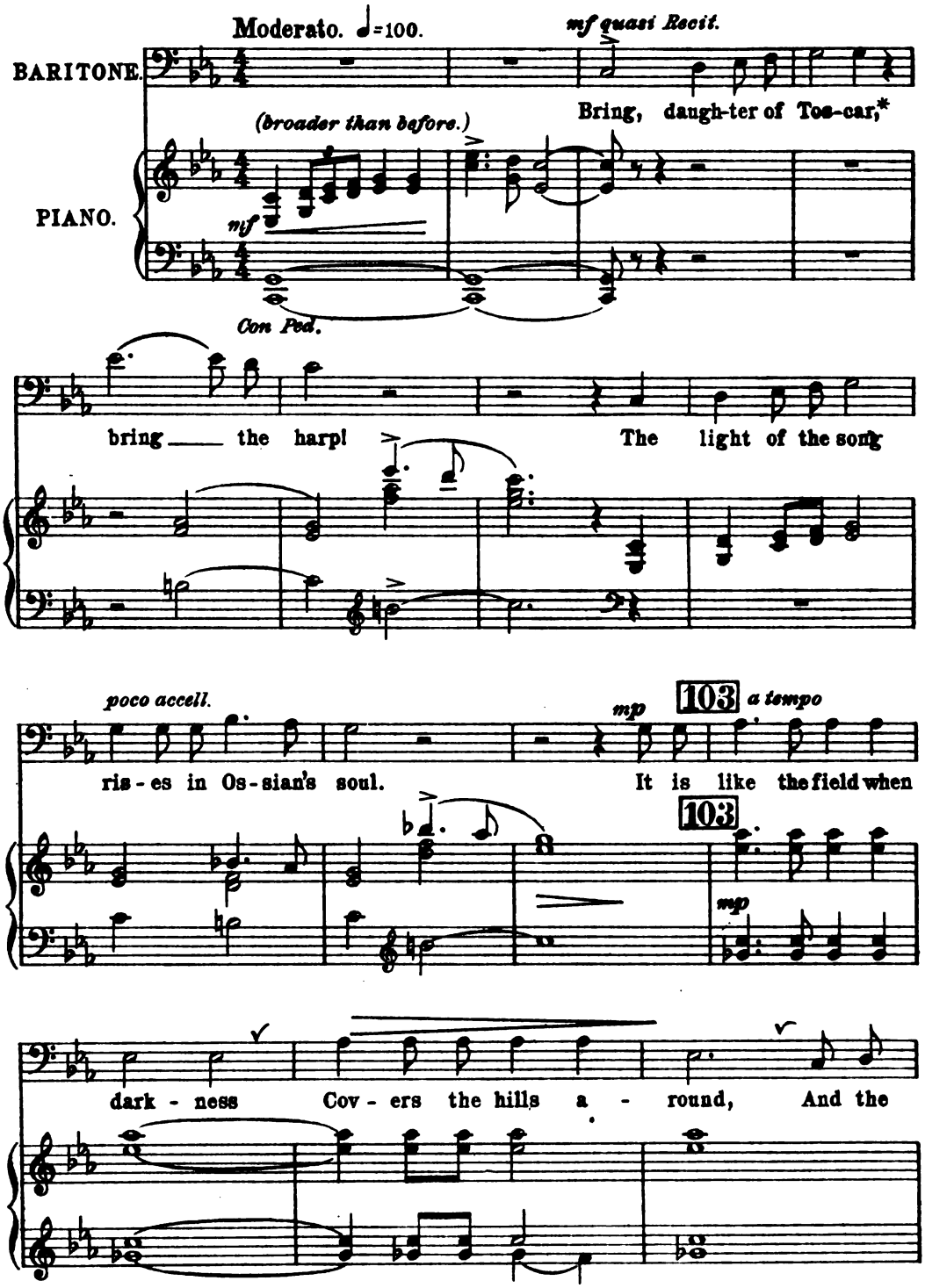
poco calando
colla voce


102
Oppure
fair light?
Poco ritenuto.
(♩=60.)
What dost thou behold, fair light?
TENORS.
pp
The daughter of
BASSES.
pp
The daughter of
Poco ritenuto.
102
(♩=60.)
L.H.
fz
secco
f
(Voices only)
night turns her eyes a - way; She be - holds the grief that is com - ing.
night turns her eyes a - way; She be - holds the grief that is com - ing.

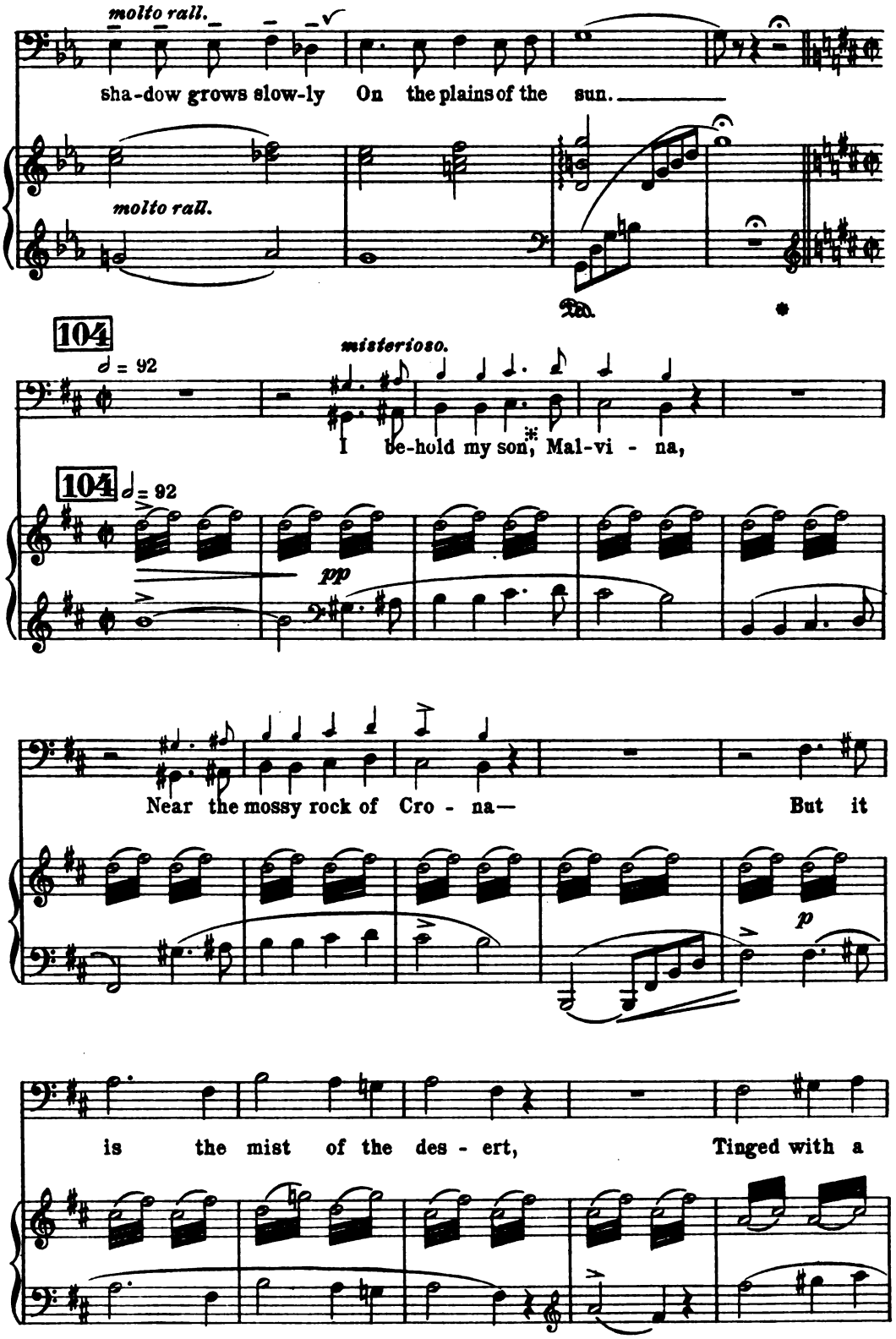
(b)

BARITONE SOLO.

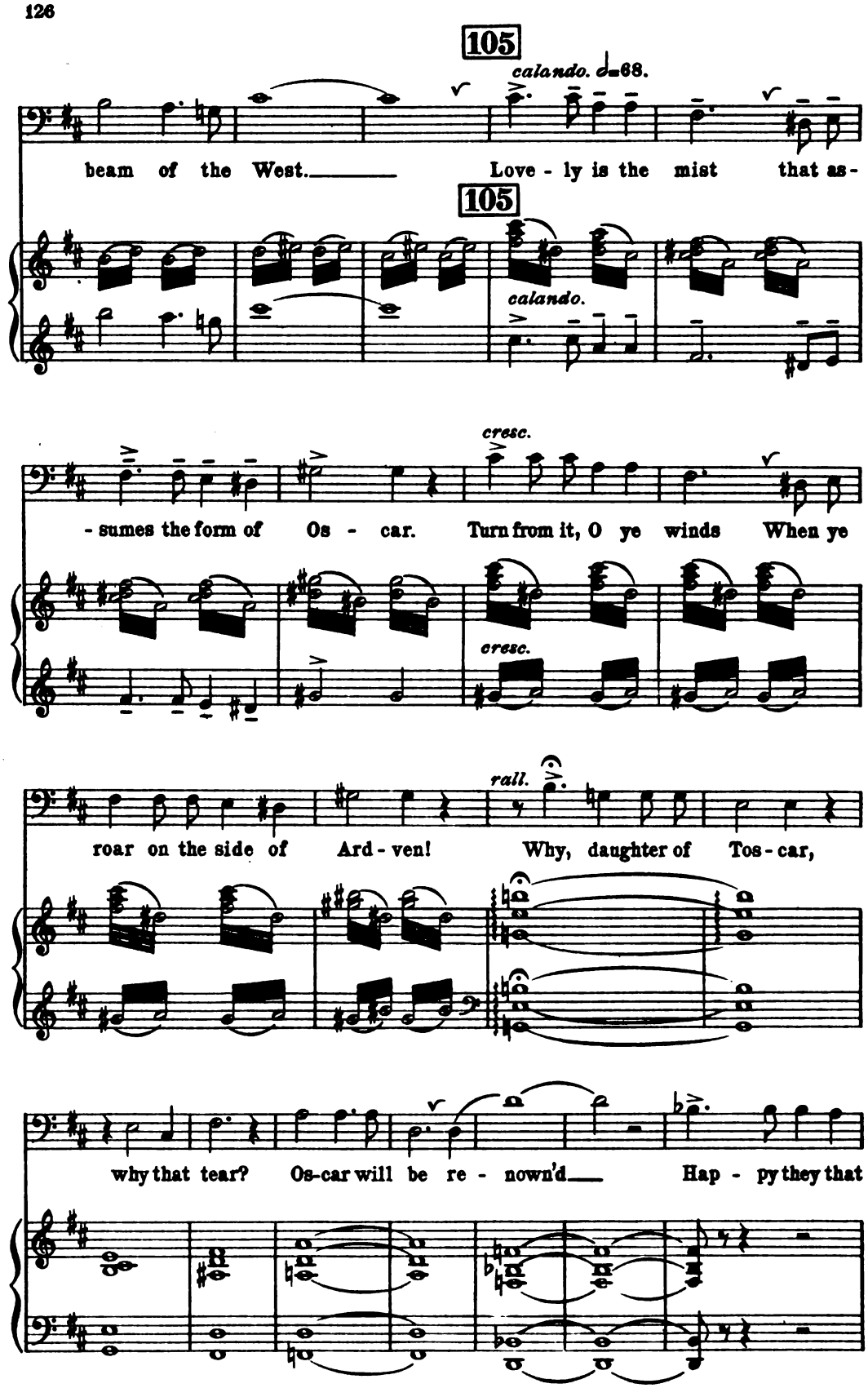
(THE DEATH OF OSSIAN.)



 *Malvina.



* His beloved son who was killed in the battle of Temora.


105
calando. ♩=68.
beam of the West. Love - ly is the mist that as-
105
calando.
cresc.
- sumes the form of Os - car. Turn from it, O ye winds When ye
cresc.
rall.
roar on the side of Ard - ven! Why, daughter of Tos - car,
why that tear? Os-car will be re - nown'd Hap - py they that

106

fell In the midst of their re-nown But lead me, O Mal-

106

-vi-na, To the murmuring sound of my woods; To the sound of my mountain

p

accel.

107 Più moderato.

streams.

107

accel.

Ped.

108 Moderato. ♩.=72.
p cantabile.

Bend thy blue

108 Moderato. ♩.=72.

L.H.

p

course, O stream, Round the nar - - row

plain of Lu - tha; Let the green

woods hang o - - ver it, From the

ech - o-ing moun - - tains, And the

cresc.

sun look on it at noon

p

The this - tle is there on the rock, And

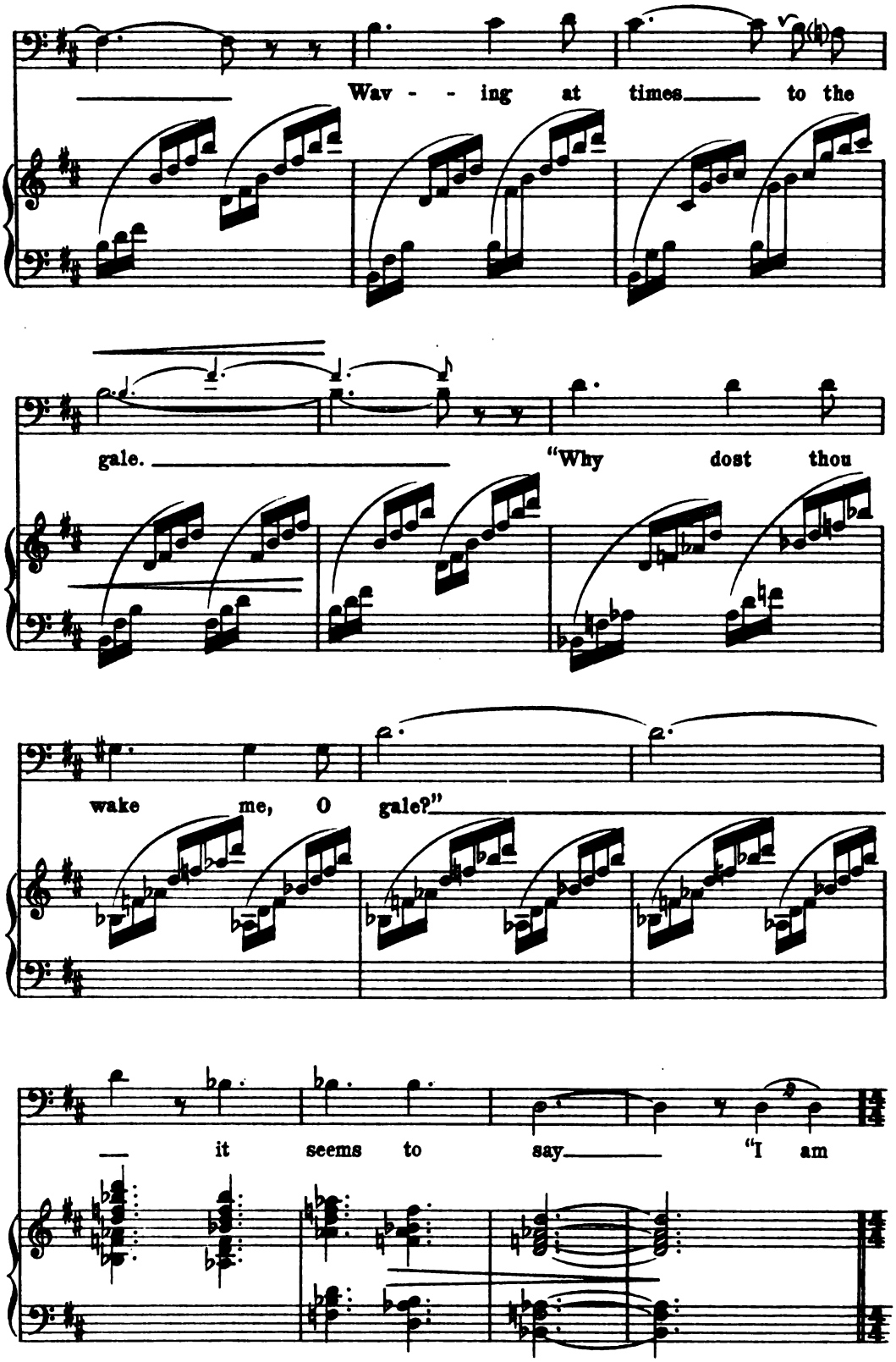
p

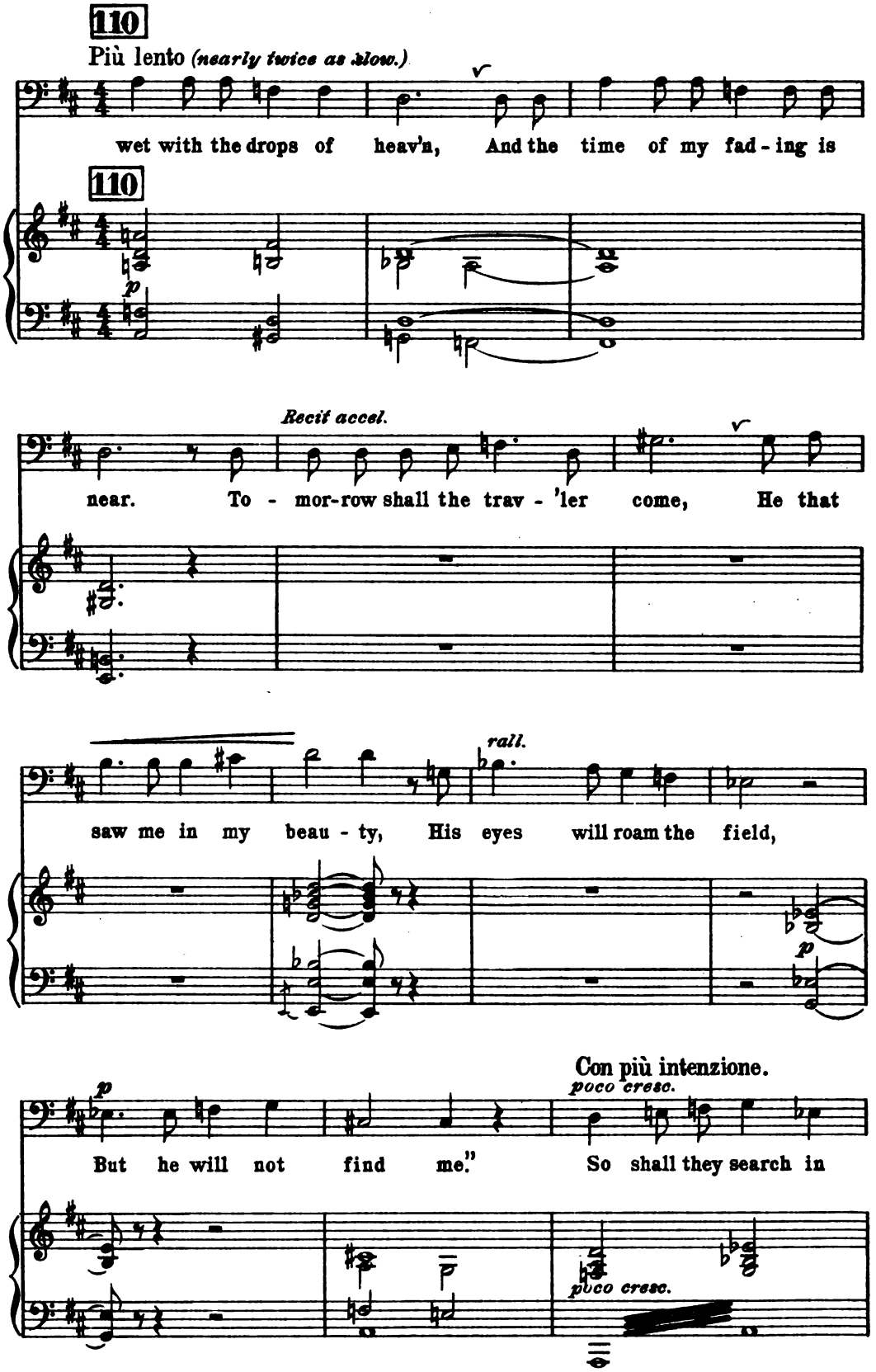
shakes its grey beard to the winds. The

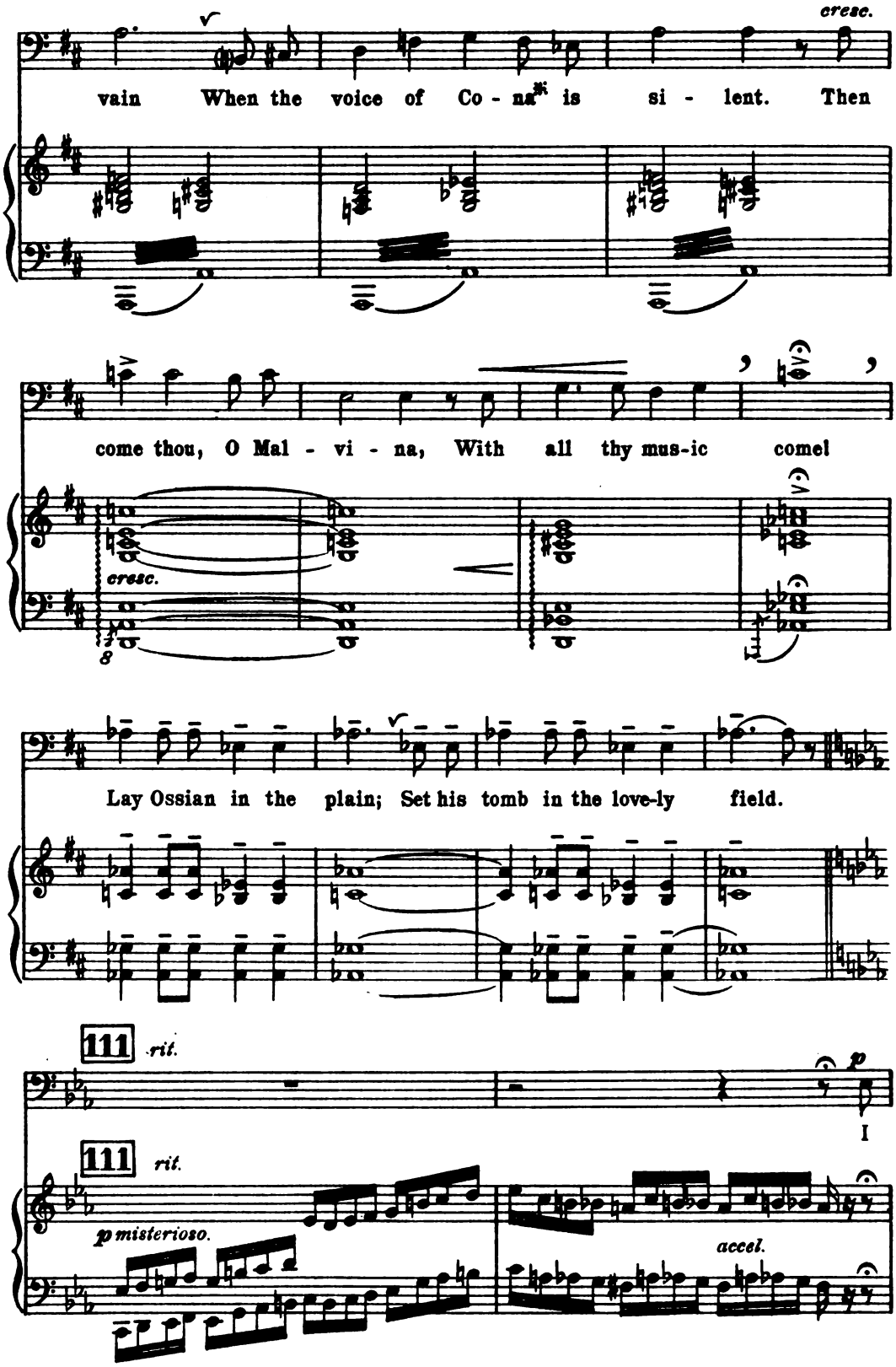
109

flow'r hangs its hea - - - vy head

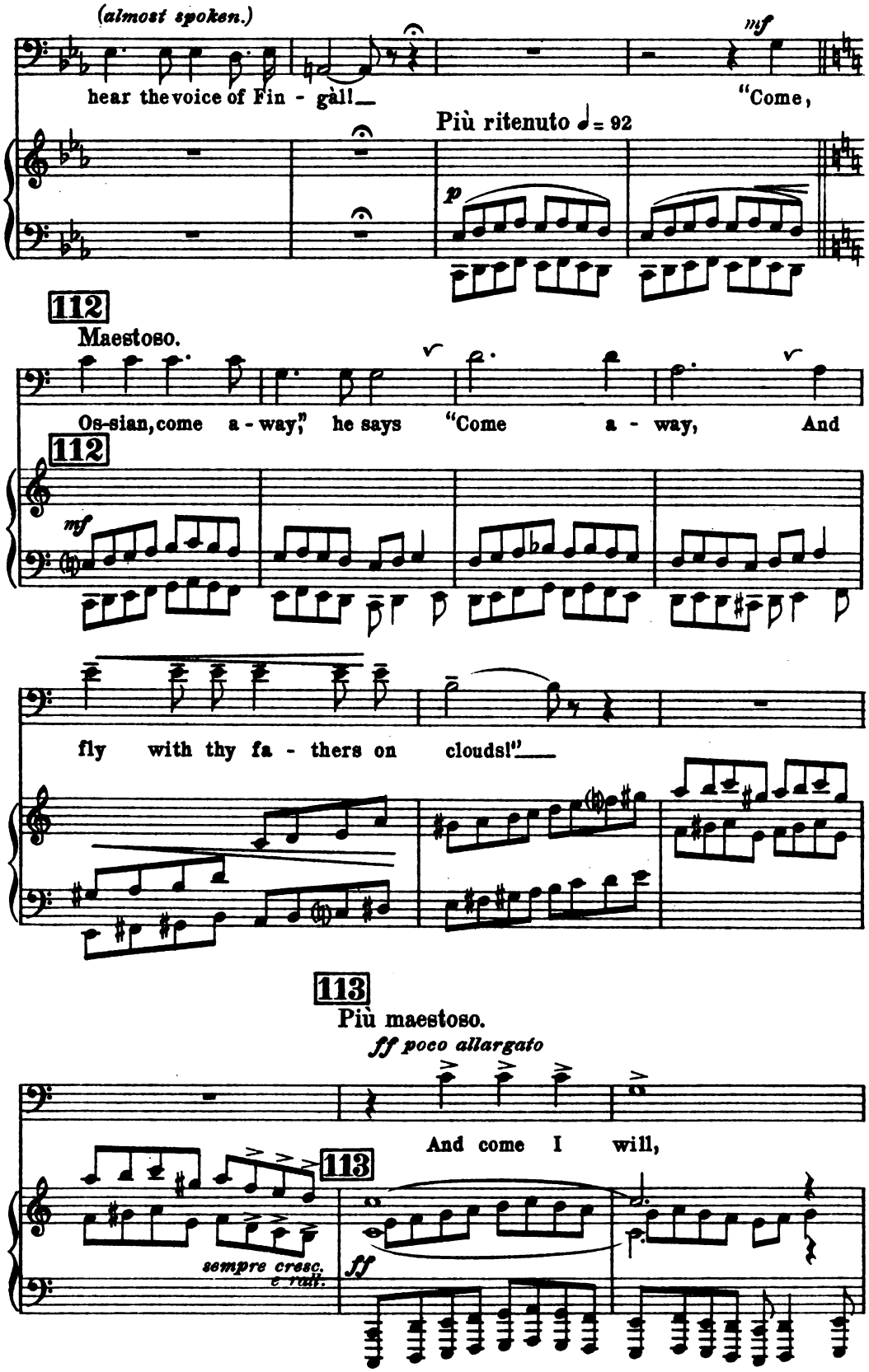
109


Wav - - ing at times to the
gale. "Why dost thou
wake me, O gale?"
it seems to say "I am


110
Più lento (nearly twice as slow.)
wet with the drops of heav'n, And the time of my fad - ing is
110
p
Recit accel.
near. To - mor-row shall the trav - 'ler come, He that
rall.
saw me in my beau - ty, His eyes will roam the field,
p
p
But he will not find me." So shall they search in
Con più intenzione.
poco cresc.
poco cresc.



* Ossian was sometimes called "The voice of Cona."


(almost spoken.)
hear the voice of Fin - gàl!
mf
"Come,
Più ritenuto ♩= 92
p
112
Maestoso.
Os-sian, come a - way," he says "Come a - way, And
112
mf
fly with thy fa - thers on clouds!"
113
Più maestoso.
ff poco allargato
And come I will,
113
sempre cresc. e rall.
ff

thou king of men! Come I

will! The life of

fz *mf*

(almost spoken)

Os - sian fails—

114

114

a tempo

pp *pppp*

(D)

CHORUS (with Tenor Solo.)

"THE CHIEFS OF OTHER TIMES ARE GONE."

♩= 84

Slower than when this theme appeared before.

PIANO.

pp un poco pesante

rall.

115

Lento.

mf

The

mf

The

115

Lento. ♩= 92.

pp molto rhytmico.

mf

chiefs of oth - er times are gone,

chiefs of oth - er times are gone,

poco cresc.

They have

poco cresc.

They have

116

cresc.

The

cresc.

The

gone with - out their fame.

gone with - out their fame.

116

poco cresc.

sons of fu - - ture years will pass And an-

sons of fu - - ture years will pass And an-

And an-

And an-

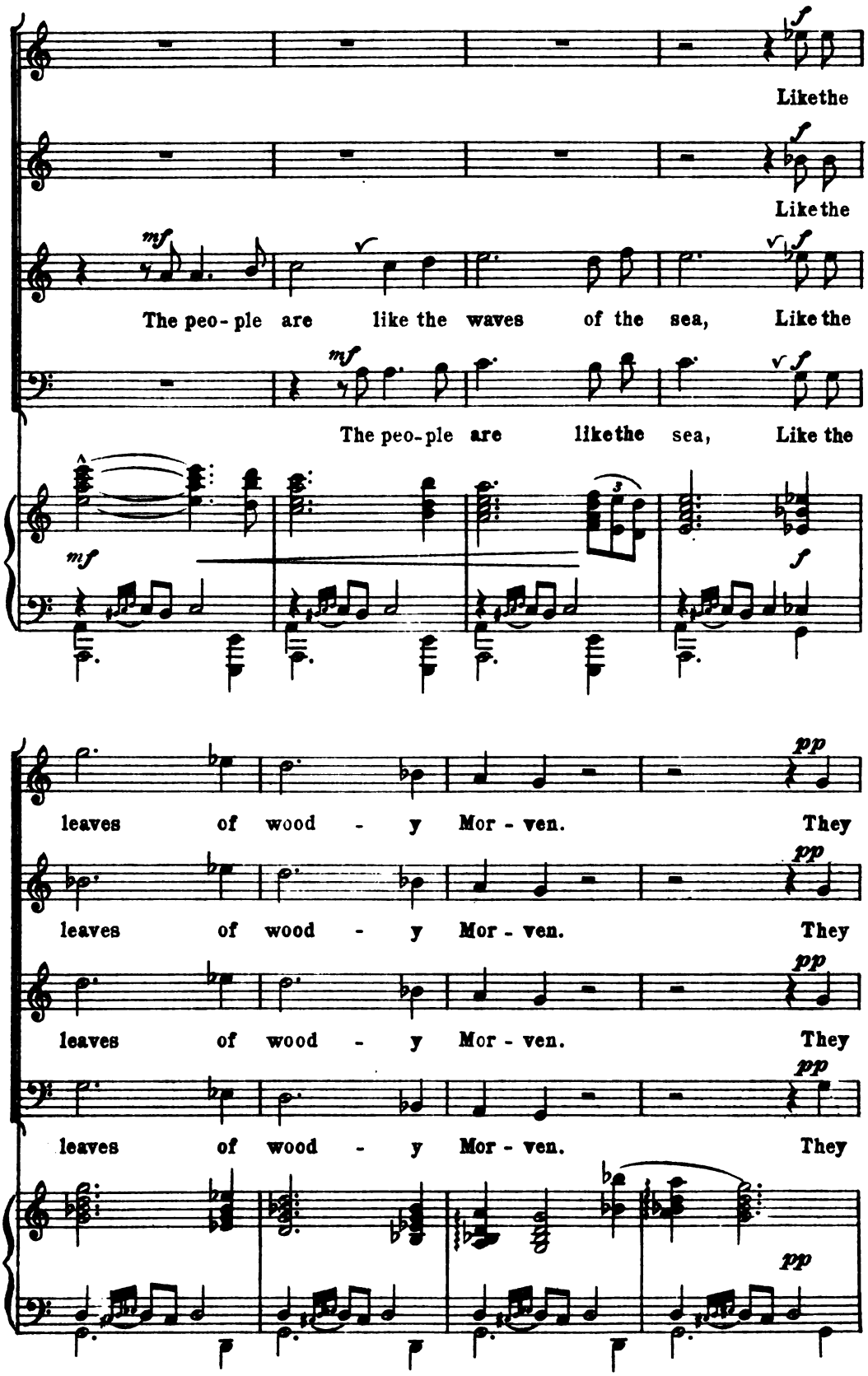
cresc.

-oth - - er race a - rise.

-oth - - er race a - rise.

-oth - - er race a - rise.

-oth - - er race a - rise.


Like the
Like the
mf
The peo-ple are like the waves of the sea, Like the
mf
The peo-ple are like the sea, Like the
mf
f
leaves of wood - y Mor - ven. They
pp
leaves of wood - y Mor - ven. They
pp
leaves of wood - y Mor - ven. They
pp
leaves of wood - y Mor - ven. They
pp
pp

pass a - way in the rus - - tling blast, And

pass a - way in the rus - - tling blast, And

pass a - way in the rus - - tling blast, And

pass a - way in the rus - - tling blast, And

oth - - er leaves lift their green heads. Did thy

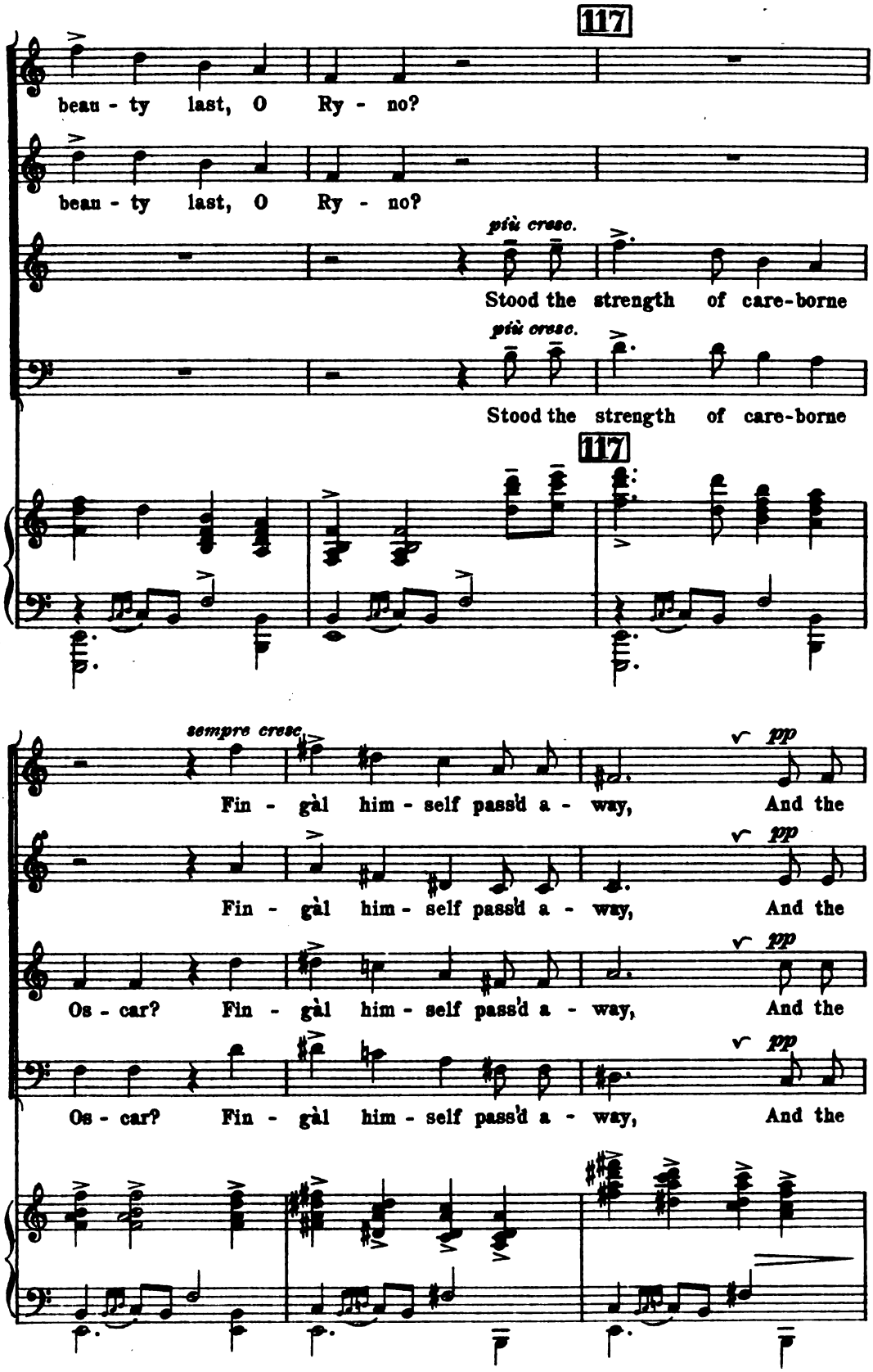
più cresc.

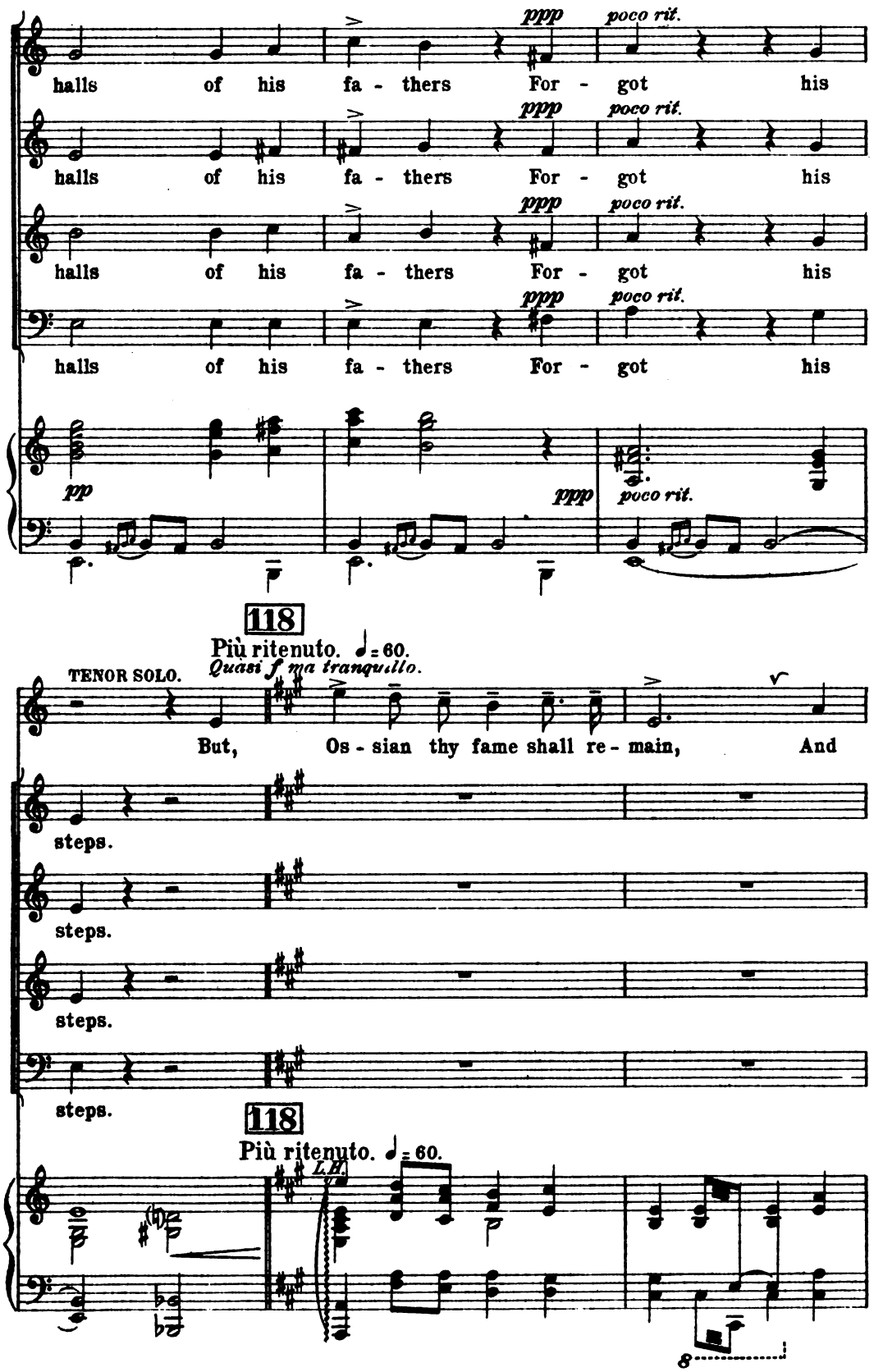
oth - - er leaves lift their green heads. Did thy

più cresc.

oth - - er leaves lift their green heads.

oth - - er leaves lift their green heads.


117
beau - ty last, O Ry - no?
beau - ty last, O Ry - no?
più cresc.
Stood the strength of care-borne
più cresc.
Stood the strength of care-borne
117
sempre cresc.
pp
Fin - gàl him - self pass'd a - way, And the
pp
Fin - gàl him - self pass'd a - way, And the
pp
Os - car? Fin - gàl him - self pass'd a - way, And the
pp
Os - car? Fin - gàl him - self pass'd a - way, And the


ppp
poco rit.
halls of his fa - thers For - got his
pp
118
Più ritenuto. ♩= 60.
Quasi f ma tranquillo.
TENOR SOLO.
But, Os - sian thy fame shall re - main, And
steps.
L.H.
8

grow like the oak of Mor-ven, Which spreads its broad head to the

storm, And re - joi - ces in the course of the wind! *

But,

But,

But,

But,

* Pronounce wynd.

119 Grandioso. ♩=100. (*Not quite* half as slow as the preceding.)

Eroico.

thy fame shall re-main!

Os-sian, thy fame shall re-main, And grow like the

Os-sian, thy fame shall re-main, And grow like the

Os-sian, thy fame shall re-main, And grow like the

Os-sian, thy fame shall re-main, And grow like the

119

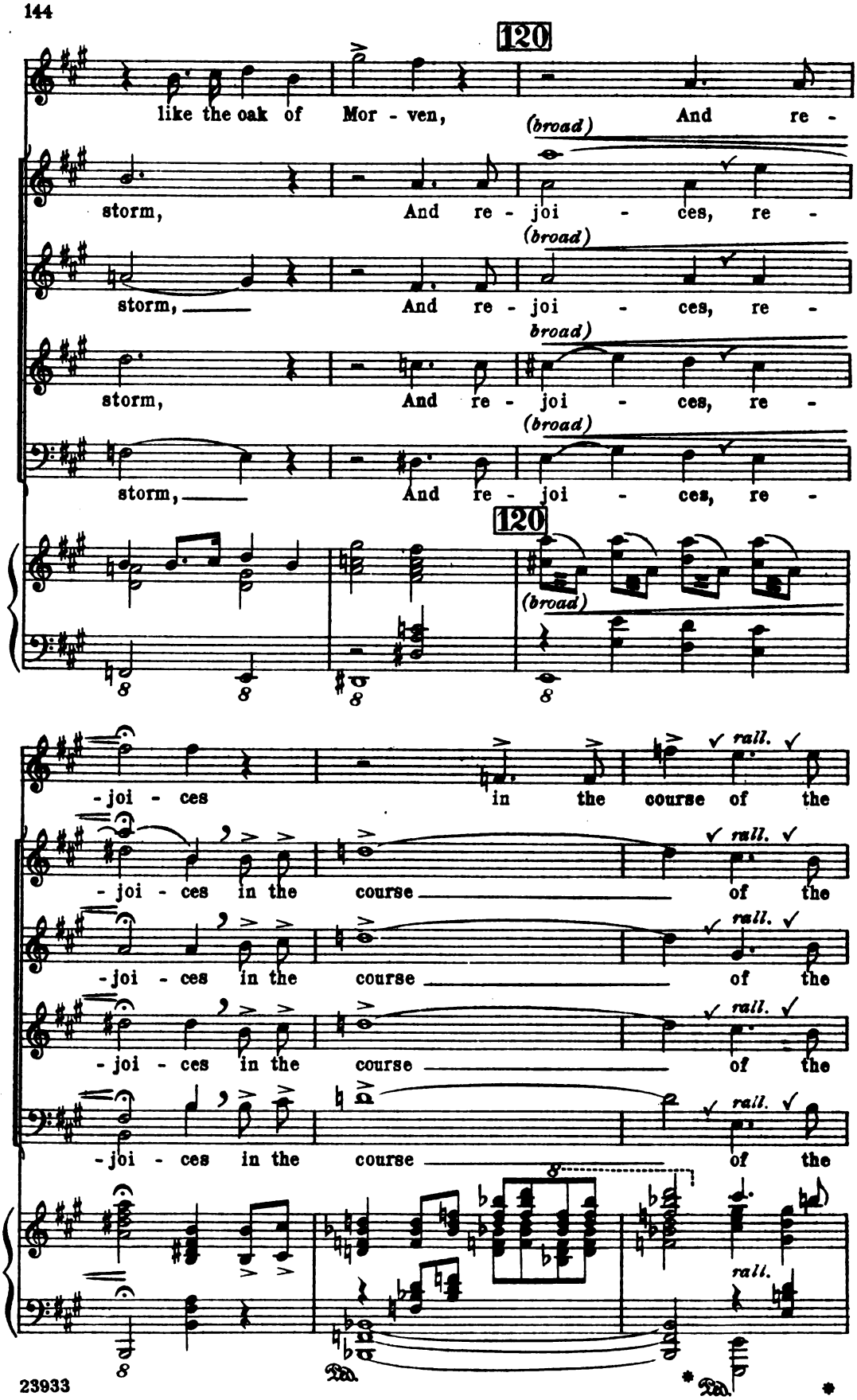
thy fame shall re-main!

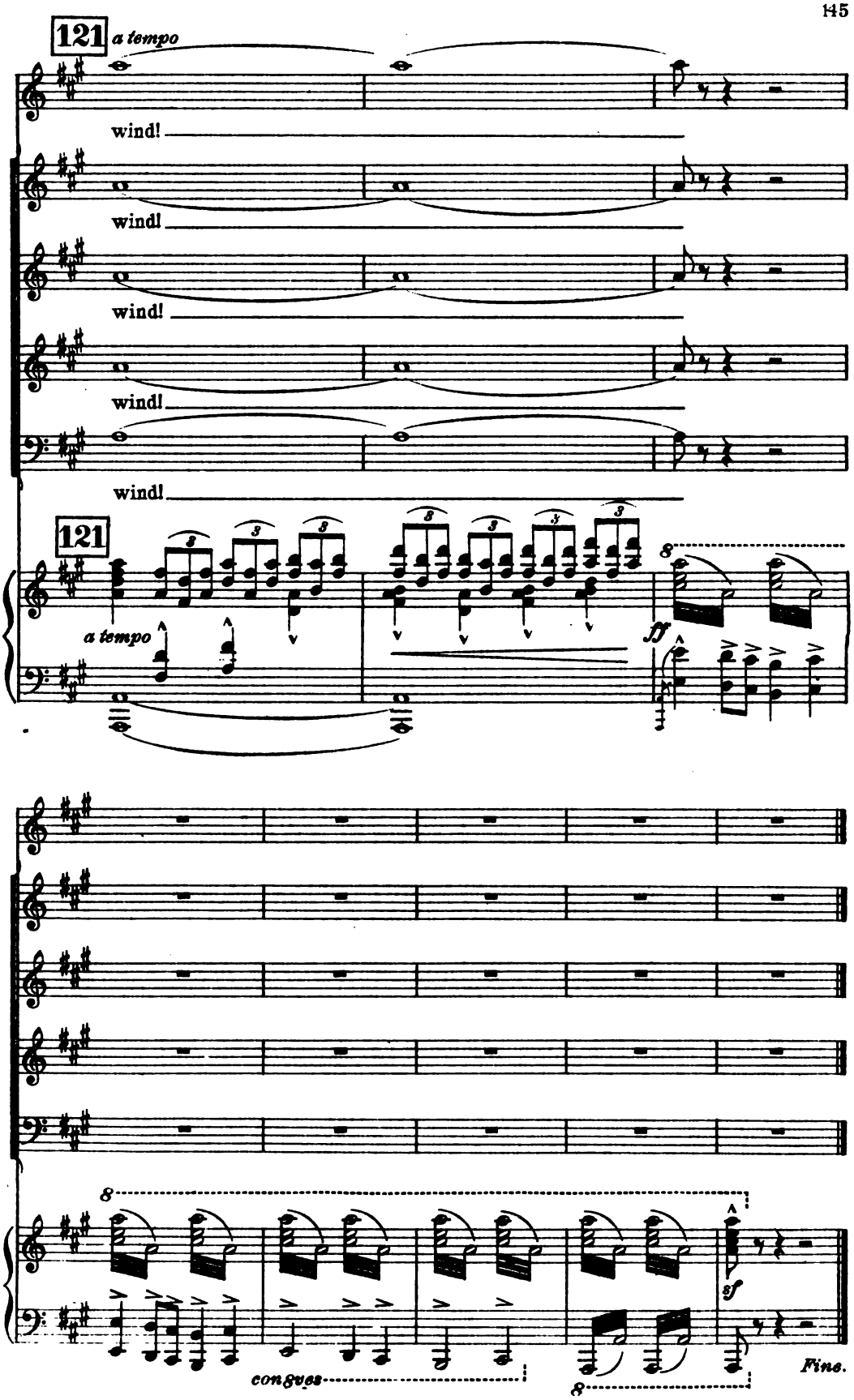
oak of Mor-ven, Which spreads its broad head to the

oak of Mor-ven, Which spreads its broad head to the

oak of Mor-ven, Which spreads its broad head to the

oak of Mor-ven, Which spreads its broad head to the


120
like the oak of Mor - ven, And re -
(broad)
storm, And re - joi - ces, re -
(broad)
storm, And re - joi - ces, re -
(broad)
storm, And re - joi - ces, re -
(broad)
storm, And re - joi - ces, re -
120
(broad)
- joi - ces in the course of the
rall.
- joi - ces in the course of the
rall.
- joi - ces in the course of the
rall.
- joi - ces in the course of the
rall.
- joi - ces in the course of the
rall.


121
a tempo
wind!
wind!
wind!
wind!
wind!
121
a tempo
ff
sf
congues
Fine.

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"The Bird I love the best" } Two Songs

TERESA DEL RIEGO—
"My Gifts"
"Sink, sink red sun, into the west"
"England mine"
"The Perfect Prayer"

GUY D'HARDELOT—
"Love's Rhapsody"
"The dewdrop loves the morning"
"I knew"
"In 1822" (An old world story)
"A Gift from you"
"In the Great Unknown"
"I think"
"Thy Songs"

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"When the swallows come again"
"The face of my love"
"Your Smile"
"Dear Little Star"
"Rose in the Bud"
"Since love has brought me nought but tears" and
"The Dawn at your window" } Two Songs

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"The Captain's Yarn"
"It was a golfer and his lass"
"Hushing Song"
"The Cry of Spring"
"A Little Girl's Song"
"Stars of Paradise"

KENNEDY RUSSELL—
"Young Tom o' Devon"
"Haste to the Fair"

BOTHWELL THOMSON—
"The old Tryst"
"The Irish Grass"
"The First Farewell"
"Love-lily"

J. HAROLD—
"A Child's Prayer"

W. H. SQUIRE—
"For me alone"
"A Chip of the Old Block"
"Lighterman Tom"
"Three for Jack"

FRANCO LEONI—
"Little Barefoot"
"When he comes home"
"Leaves on the river"

EDWARD GERMAN—
"Memories"
"The Drummer Boy"
"Love's Barcarolle"
"To Katherine unkind"
"Love is meant to make us glad"

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"Unmindful of the roses"
"One Day"
"Four years old"
"A Song of Surrey"

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2. "Soft Ways"
3. "Whistlin' Dannie"
4. "Exile"
5. "Ould Doctor Ma'Ginn" } Complete

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1. "My ships that went a-sailing"
2. "You loved the time of violets"
3. "Youth has a happy tread"
4. "Love is an Ocean"
5. "Eyes that used to gaze in mine"
6. "Time was I roved the mountains" } Complete

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"Through the Palm Trees"
"Bright is the ring of words"
"My Lute"

ERNEST NEWTON—
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"The Drum-Major"

NOEL JOHNSON—
"Gray Days"
"Her Rest"

MONTAGUE F. PHILLIPS—
"Were I a moth"
"Moon and Sea"
"The Swallow"

PEDRO DE ZULUETA—
"A memory of yesterday"

CHARLES SCOTT-GATTY.
"Hullo, Tu-Tu!"
"Bobby Dear"
"Janie"

VERE SMITH—
"Cosmopolitan Wives"
"Oh! Geraldine"
"I'll be your gal"
"Ma Dusky Maid"
"Hello, Martha!"

CHARLES BRAUN—
"My land"
"Take, sweet maid"
"My love's like a shower"

HAYDN WOOD—
"On a spring morning"

ROBERT CONINGSBY CLARKE—
"O, my garden, full of roses"
"If she but knew"
"Mine are your eyes"
"Master and Man"

FRANK LAMBERT—
"Sweet Afton"
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